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THE

ALCHEMIST.

A

COMEDY,

First Acted in the Year 1610. By the
King's Majesty's Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author B. J.

—— petere inde coronam,
Inde prius nulli velârint tempora Musæ. Lucret.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Walthoe, G. Conyers, J. Knapton, R. Knap-
lock, D. Midwinter and A. Ward, A. Betesworth
and C. Hitch, B. Lintot, J. Tonson, W. Innys,
J. Osborn and T. Longman, R. Robinson, T. Wotton,
and B. Motte: And sold by W. Feales, at Rowe's Head,
over-against Clement's-Inn Gate. 1732.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Subtle, *the Alchemist.*
Face, *the House-keeper.*
Dol. Common, *their Colleague.*
Dapper, *a Clerk.*
Drugger, *a Tobacco-man.*
Love-wit, *Master of the House.*
Epicure Mammon, *a Knight.*
Surley, *a Gamester.*
Tribulation, *A Pastor of Amsterdam.*
Ananias, *a Deacon there.*
Kastrill, *the angry Boy.*
Da. Pliant, *his Sister, a Widow.*

NEIGHBOURS.

OFFICERS.

MUTES,

The SCENE, LONDON.

The Principal COMEDIANS were,

RIC. BURBADGE.
JOH. LOWIN.
HEN. CONDEL.
ALEX. COOKE.
ROB. ARMIN.

JOH. HEMMINGS.
WILL. OSTLER.
JOH. UNDERWOOD.
NIC. TOOLY.
WILL. EGLESTONE.



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THE ALCHEMIST.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Sickneſs hot, a Maſter quit, for fear,
His Houſe in Town, and left one Servant there,
Eaſe him corrupted, and gave means to know.*

*A Cheater, and his Punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow Practice, were become
Coſ'oners at large; and only wanting ſome
Houſe to ſet up, with him they here contract,
Each for a Share, and all begin to act,
Much Company they draw, and much abuſe,
In caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, News,
Selling of Flies, flat Bawd'ry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in Fume are gone.*

PROLOGUE.

*Fortune, that favours Fools, theſe two ſhort Hours
We wiſh away, both for your ſakes and ours,
Judging Spectators; and deſire in place,
To th' Author Juſtice, to our ſelves but Grace.
Our Scene is London, 'cauſe we would make known,
No Countries Mirth is better than our own;*

No Clime breeds better Matter for your Whore,
 Fowd, Squire, Impostor, many Persons more,
 Whose Manners, now call'd Humours, feed the Stage;
 And which have still been Subject for the Rage
 Or Spleen of Comick Writers. Tho' this Pen
 Did never aim to grieve, but better Men;
 Howe'er the Age he lives in doth endure
 The Vices that she breeds, above their Cure.
 But when the wholesom Remedies are sweet,
 And in their working Gain and Profit meet,
 He hopes to find no Spirit so much diseas'd,
 But will with such fair Correctives be pleas'd:
 For here he doth not fear who can apply.
 If there be any that will sit so nigh
 Unto the Stream, to look what it doth run,
 They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;
 They are so natural Follies, but so shown,
 As even the Deers may see, and yet not own.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Face, Subtle, Dol. Common.

BEliev't, I will. *Sub.* Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Ha' you your Wits? Why Gentlemen! for
 Love —

Fac. Sirrah, I'll strip you — *Sub.* What to do? lick
 Figs

Out at my — *Fac.* Rogue, Rogue, out of all your
 sleights.

Dol. Nay, look ye, Sovereign, General, are you
 Madmen?

Sub. O, let the wild Sheep loose. I'll Gum your Silks
 With good Strong-water, an' you come.

Dol. Will you have
 The Neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
 Hearn, I hear some body. *Fac.* Sirrah — *Sub.* I shall
 mar

All that the Taylor has made, if you approach.

Fac. You most notorious Whelp, you insolent Slave,
 Dar



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Y

Dare you do this? *Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith. *Fac.*
Why, who

Am I, my Mungril? who am I? *Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not your self——*Fac.* Speak lower,
Rogue.

Sub. Yes, You were once (time's not long past) the
good,

Honest, plain, Livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your Masters Worships House here in the *Friers*,
For the Vacations——*Fac.* Will you be so loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated Suburb-Captain.

Fac. By your means, Doctor Dog?

Sub. Within Man's memory,

All this I speak of. *Fac.* Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, Sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well. *Fac.* Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, Sir; at *Pie-corner*,
Taking your meal of Steam in, from Cook Stalls;
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walk
Piteously Costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your Complexion of the *Roman Wash*,
Stuck full of black and melancholick Worms,
Like Powder-corns shot at th' *Artillery-yard*.

Sub. I wish you could advance your Voice a little.

Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the several Rags
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from Dunghils, before Day;
Your Feet in mouldy Slippers, for your Kibes
A Felt of Rug, and a thin thredden Cloke,
That scarce would cover your no-Buttocks——

Sub. So, Sir!

Fac. When all your *Alchemy*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Minerals*, *Vegetals*, and *Animals*,
Your Conjuring, Coz'ning, and your dozen of Trades,
Could not relieve your Corps with so much Linnen
Would make you Tinder, but to see a Fire;
I ga' you Count'nance, Credit for your Coals,
Your Stills, your Glasses, your Materials;
Built you a Fornace, drew you Customers,
Advanc'd all your black Arts; lent you, beside,

A House to practise in — *Sub.* Your Master's House?

Fac. Where you have studied the more thriving Skill
Of Bawd'ry since. *Sub.* Yes, in your Master's House.
You and the Rats here kept Possession.

Make it not strange. I know yo' were one could keep
The Buttry-hatch still lock'd, and save the Chippings,
Sell the Dole-Beer to *Aqua-vita*-men,

The which, together with your *Christmas* Vails
At *Post and Pair*, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty Stock, some twenty Marks,
And gave you credit to converse with Cobwebs,
Here, since your Mistris Death hath broke up House.

Fac. You might talk softer, Rascal, *Sub.* No, you
Scarabe,

I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries Tempest in his Hand and Voice.

Fac. The Place has made you Valiant.

Sub. No, your Clothes.

Thou Vermin, have I tane thee out of Dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee Company, but a Spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from Brooms, and Dust, and Watring Pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee

I' the *Third Region*, call'd our *State of Grace*?

Wrought thee to *Spirit*, to *Quintessence*, with pains
Would twice have won me the *Philosopher's Work*?
Put thee in Words and Fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary Fellowships?

Giv'n thee thy Oaths, thy quarrelling Dimensions?

Thy Rules to cheat at Horse-race, Cock-pit, Cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant Tincture else?

Made thee a Second in mine own great Art?

And have I this for thanks? Do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the *Projection*?

Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all? *Sub.* Slave, thou hadst had no
Name —

Dol. Will you undo your selves with Civil War?

Sub.

Sub. Never been known, past *Equi clibanum*,
The heat of Horse-dung, under Ground, in Cellars,
Or an Ale-house darker than deaf *John's*; been lost
To all Mankind, but Landresses and Tapsters,
Had not I been.

Dol. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?

Fac. Sirrah ———

Dol. Nay, General, I thought you were civil —

Fac. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

Sub. And hang thy self, I care not.

Fac. Hang thee, Colliar,

And all thy Pots and Pans, in Picture, I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me —

Dol. (O, this I'll orethrow all.)

Fac. Write thee up Bawd in *Pauls*, have all thy
Tricks

Of coz'ning with a hollow Coal, Dust, Scrapings,
Searching for things lost with a Sieve and Shears,
Erecting *Figures* in your Rows of Houses,
And taking in of Shadows with a Glasse,
Told in Red Letters; and a Face cut for thee,
Worse than *Gamaliel Ratsey's*. *Dol.* Are you found?
Ha' you your Senses, Masters? *Fac.* I will have
A Book, but barely reckoning thy Impostures,
Shall prove a true *Philosophers Stone*, to Printers.

Sub. Away, you Trencher-Rascal.

Fac. Out, you Dog-leach,

The Vomit of all Prisons — *Dol.* Will you be
Your own Destructions, Gentlemen? Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy o' the Basket.

Sub. Cheater. *Fac.* Bawd.

Sub. Cow-herd. *Fac.* Conjuror. *Sub.* Cut-purse.

Fac. Witch. *Dol.* O me!

We are ruin'd! lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your Reputations? Where's your Judgment? 'Slight,
Have yet some Care of me, o' your Republick —

Fac. Away, this Brach. I'll bring the Rogue, within
The Statute of *Sorcery*, *Tricesimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the Eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy Neck
Within a Noose, for laundring Gold, and barbing it.

Dol. You'll bring your Head within a Cockscornb,
will you? [*She catches out Face's Sword, and
breaks Subtle's Glafs.*]

And you, Sir, with your *Menstrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable Pair of Stinkards,
Leave off your Barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the Light that shines, I'll cut your Throats.
I'll not be made a Prey unto the Marshal,
For ne'er a snarling Dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the World? and shall it now be said,
Yo'have made most courteous shift to cozen your
selves?

You will accuse him? You will bring him in
Within the *Statute*? Who shall take your Word?
A whorson, upstart, *Apocryphal* Captain,
Whom not a Puritan in *Black-Friars* will trust
So much as for a Feather! And you too
Will give the Cause, forsooth? You will insult,
And claim a Primacy in the Divisions?
You must be Chief? As if you only had
The Powder to project with, and the Work
Were not begun out of Equality?
The Venture *Tripartite*? All things in common?
Without Priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual Curs,
Fall to your Couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a *Term*,
Or, by this Hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you. *Fac.* 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his Pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does. *Dol.* How does it? Do
not we

Sustain our Parts? *Sub.* Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your Part exceed to Day, I hope
Ours may to Morrow match it. *Sub.* I, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring Mastiff! I, and do. Death
on me!

Help me to throttle him. *Sub.* *Dorothee*, Mistress *Doro-*
thee, 'Ods

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'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

Dol. Because o' your *Fermentation* and *Cibation*?

Sub. Not I, by Heaven —

Dol. Your *Sol* and *Luna* — help me.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my self.

Dol. Will you, Sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.

Sub. What shall I swear?

Dol. To leave your Faction, Sir,

And labour kindly in the Common Work.

Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beside.

I only us'd those Speeches as a Spur

To him. *Dol.* I hope we need no Spurs, Sir. Do we?

Fac. 'Slid, prove to Day, who shall shark best.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close, and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the Knot

Shall grow the stronger for this Breach, with me.

Dol. Why, so, my good Baboons! Shall we go make

A sort of sober, scurvy, precise Neighbours,

(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the King came in)

A Feast of Laughter at our Follies? Rascals,

Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you t'have but a Hole to thrust your Heads in,

For which you should pay Ear-rent? No, agree.

And may *Don Provost* ride a feasting long,

In his old Velvet Jerkin and stain'd Scarfs,

(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)

Ere we contribute a new Crewel Garter

To his most worsted Worship. *Sub.* Royal *Dol*!

Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thy self.

Fac. For which, at Supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And not be styl'd *Dol Common*, but *Dol Proper*,

Dol Singular: The longest Cut, at Night,

Shall draw thee for his *Dol Particular*.

Sub. Who's that? one Rings. To the Windo', *Dol*.

Pray Heav'n,

The Master do not trouble us this Quarter.

Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a Week

O' the Plague, he's safe, from thinking toward *London*.

Beside, he's busie at his Hop-yards now:

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I had a Letter from him. • If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing o' the House,
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
Tho' we break up a Fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Sub. Who is it, *Dol*?

Dol. A fine young Quodling. *Fac.* O,
My Lawyers Clerk, I lighted on last Night
In *Holborn*, at the *Dagger*. He would have
(I told you of him) a Familiar,
To rifle with at Horses, and win Cups.

Dol. O, let him in.

Sub. Stay. Who shall do't? *Fac.* Get you
Your Robes on: I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do? *Fac.* Not be seen, away.
Seem you very reserv'd?

Sub. Enough. *Fac.* God b' w' you, Sir.
I pray you let him know that I was here.
His Name is *Dapper*. I would gladly have staid but—

S C E N E II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

Dap. Captain, I am here.

Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, Sir, I was going away. *Dap.* In a truth,
I am very sorry, Captain. *Fac.* But I thought
Sure I should meet you. *Dap.* I, I am very glad:
I had a scurvy Writ or two to make,
And I had lent my Watch last Night to one
That Dines to Day at the Sheriffs, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time. Is this the Cunning-man?

Fac. This is his Worship. *Dap.* Is he a Doctor?

Fac. Yes.

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain?

Fac. I. *Dap.* And how?

Fac. Faith, he does make the matter, Sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say — *Dap.* Not so, good Captain.

Fac. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, Sir. Why should
you wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Fac. I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Law Is such a thing — And then he says, *Read's Matter* Falling so lately — *Dap.* *Read?* He was an Ass, And dealt, Sir, with a Fool. *Fac.* It was a Clerk, Sir.

Dap. A Clerk?

Fac. Nay, hear me, Sir, you know the Law Better, I think — *Dap.* I should, Sir, and the Danger. You know, I shew'd the *Statute* to you? *Fac.* You did so.

Dap. And I will tell then? By this Hand of Flesh, Would it might never write good Court-hand more, If I discover. What do you think of me, That I am a *Chiause*?

Fac. What's that? *Dap.* The *Turk* was, here — As one would say, Do you think I am a *Turk*?

Fac. I'll tell the Doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet Captain.

Fac. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee let's prevail; This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiause*.

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my Answer. I would do much, Sir, for your Love — But this I neither may, nor can. *Fac.* Tut, do not say so. You deal now with a noble Fellow, Doctor, One that will thank you richly, and h' is no *Chiause*: Let that, Sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear — *Fac.* He has Four Angels here — *Sub.* You do me wrong, good Sir.

Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these Spirits?

Sub. To tempt my Art, and Love, Sir, to my Peril. 'Fore Heav'n, I scarce can think you are my Friend, That so would draw me to apparent danger.

Fac. I draw you? A Horse draw you, and a Halter, You, and your Flies together — *Dap.* Nay, good Captain.

Fac. That know no difference of Men.

Sub. Good Words, Sir.

Fac. Good Deeds, Sir, Doctor Dogs-meat. 'Slight, I bring you

No

No cheating *Clim' o the Cloughs*, or *Claribels*,
That look as big as *Five-and-fifty*, and *Flush*,
And spit out Secrets like hot Custard——*Dap.* Cap-
tain.

Fac. Nor any melancholick Under-scribe,
Shall tell the *Vicar*; but a special Genteel,
That is the Heir to Forty Marks a Year,
Consorts with the small Poets of the time,
Is the sole Hope of his old Grand-mother,
That knows the Law, and writes you six fair Hands,
Is a fine Clerk, and has his Cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his Oath o' the *Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his Pocket; and can Court
His Mistress out of *Ovid*. *Dap.* Nay, dear Captain.

Fac. Did you not tell me so? *Dap.* Yes, but I'd
ha' you.

Use Master Doctor with some more respect.

Fac. Hang him, proud Stag, with his broad Velvet
Head.

But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An Article of Breath with such a Puckfoist——
Come, let's be gone. *Sub.* Pray you le' me speak
with you.

Dap. His Worship calls you, Captain. *Fac.* I am
sorry

Le'er imbarc'd my self in such a Business,

Dap. Nay, good Sir, he did call you.

Fac. Will he take then?

Sub. First, hear me——

Fac. Not a Syllable, 'less you take,

Sub. Pray ye, Sir——

Fac. Upon no Terms, but an *Assumpsit*.

Sub. Your Humour must be Law. [*He takes Money.*]

Fac. Why now, Sir, talk.

Now I dare hear you with mine Honour. Speak.
So may this Gentleman too.

Sub. Why, Sir——*Fac.* No whispering.

Sub. 'Fore Heav'n, you do not apprehend the Loss
You do your self, in this. *Fac.* Wherein? For what?

Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all?

He'll

He'll win up all the Mony i' the Town.

Fac. How!

Sub. Yes, and blow up Gamester after Gamester,
As they do Crackers in a Puppet-play.

If I do give him a *Familiar*,

Give you him all you play for; never set him:

For he will have it. *Fac.* You are mistaken, Doctor.

Why, he does ask one but for Cups and Horses,

A rifling *Fly*; none o' your great *Familiars*.

Dap. Yes Captain, I would have it for all Games.

Sub. I told you so. *Fac.* 'Slight, that's a new Bu-
siness!

I understood you, a tame Bird, to fly

Twice in a Term, or so, on *Friday* Nights,

When you had left the Office, for a Nag

Of forty or fifty Shillings. *Dap.* I, 'tis true, Sir;

But I do think now I shall leave the Law,

And therefore—*Fac.* Why, this changes quite the Case!

Do' you think that I dare move him?

Dap. If you please, Sir;

All's one to him, I see. *Fac.* What! for that Mony?

I cannot with my Conscience: Nor should you

Make the Request, methinks. *Dap.* No, Sir, I mean

To add Consideration. *Fac.* Why then, Sir,

I'll try. Say that it were for all Games, Doctor?

Sub. I say then, not a Mouth shall eat for him

At any Ordinary, but o' the Score,

That is a Gaming Mouth, conceive me. *Fac.* Indeed!

Sub. He'll draw you all the Treasure of the Realm,

If it be set him. *Fac.* Speak you this from Art?

Sub. I, Sir, and Reason too, the Ground of Art.

He is o' the only best Complexion,

The Queen of *Fairy* loves. *Fac.* What! is he!

Sub. Peace.

He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him—

Fac. What? *Sub.* Do not you tell him.

Fac. Will he win at Cards too?

Sub. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, living *Isaac*,
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous Luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your Gallants to a Cloak, indeed.

Fac.

Fac. A strange Success, that some Man shall be born to!

Sub. He hears you, Man——

Dap. Sir, I'll not be Ingrateful.

Fac. Faith I have Confidence in his good Nature: You hear, he says he will not be Ingrateful.

Sub. Why, as you please; my Venture follows yours.

Fac. Troth, do it, Doctor; think him trusty, and make him.

He may make us both happy in an Hour;

Win some five thousand Pound, and send us two o' it.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, Sir. *Fac.* And you shall, Sir.

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, Sir.

Fac. Nothing?

[*Face takes him aside.*]

Dap. A little, Sir. *Fac.* Well, a rare Star

Reign'd at your Birth.

Dap. At mine, Sir? No. *Fac.* The Doctor Swears that you are——

Sub. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.

Fac. Allied to the Queen of Fairy.

Dap. Who? that I am?

Believe it, no such matter—— *Fac.* Yes, and that Yo' were born with a Cawl o' your Head.

Dap. Who? says so? *Fac.* Come, You know it well enough, tho' you dissemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not: You are mistaken. *Fac.* How!

Swear by your fac? and in a thing so known Unto the Doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you I' the other matter? Can we ever think, When you have won five or six thousand Pound, You'll send us Shares in't, by this rate? *Dap.* By

Jove, Sir,

I'll win ten thousand Pound, and send you half.

I-fac's no Oath. *Sub.* No, no, he did but jest.

Fac. Go to. Go thank the Doctor. He's your Friend,

To take it so. *Dap.* I thank his Worship. *Fac.* So: Another.

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Another Angel. *Dap.* Must I? *Fac.* Must you?
'Slight,

What else is Thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
When must he come for his *Familiar*?

Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me? *Sub.* O, good
Sir!

There must a World of Ceremonies pass;
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides, the Queen of *Fairy* does not rise
Till it be Noon. *Fac.* Not, if she danc'd, to Night.

Sub. And she must bless it. *Fac.* Did you never see
Her Royal Grace yet? *Dap.* Whom? your Aunt of
Fairy?

Sub. Not since she kist him in the Cradle, Captain;
I can resolve you that. *Fac.* Well, see her Grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone Woman,
And very rich; and if she take a Phant'sie,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the Doctor's fear. *Dap.* How will't be done
then?

Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll see her Grace. *Fac.* Enough.

Sub. Who's there?

[One knocks without.]

Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way,)

Sir, against one a Clock prepare your self:

Till when you must be fasting; only take

Three drops of Vinegar in at your Nose,

Two at your Mouth, and one at either Ear;

Then bath your Fingers ends, and wash your Eyes;

To sharpen your Five Senses, and cry *Hum*

Thrice, and then *Buz* as often; and then come.

Fac. Can you remember this? *Dap.* I warrant you.

Fac. Well then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing
Some twenty Nobles 'mong her Graces Servants,

And

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And put on a clean Shirt : You do not know
What grace her Grace may do in clean Linnen.

S C E N E III.

Subtle, Druggier, Face.

Sub. Come in : (Good Wives, I pray you forbear me now :

Troth I can do you no good till after-noon.)

What is your Name, say you ? *Abel Druggier ?*

Dru. Yes, Sir.

Sub. A Seller of Tobacco ? *Dru.* Yes, Sir. *Sub.* Umh.

Free of the Grocers ? *Dru.* I, an't please you.

Sub. Well——

Your Business, *Abel ?* *Dru.* This, an't please your Worship ;

I am a young Beginner, and am building

Of a new Shop, an't like your Worship, just

At corner of a Street : (Here's the Plot on't)

And I would know by Art, Sir, of your Worship,

Which way I should make my Door, by Necromancy,
And where my Shelves ; and which should be for
Boxes,

And which for Pots. I would be glad to thrive,
Sir.

And I was wish'd to your Worship by a Gentleman,

One Captain *Face*, that says you know Mens *Planets*,

And their good *Angels*, and their bad. *Sub.* I do,

If I do see 'em——*Fac.* What ! my honest *Abel ?*

Thou art well met here. *Dru.* Troth, Sir, I was
speaking,

Just as your Worship came here, of your Worship.

I pray you speak for me to Master Doctor.

Fac. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear ?

This is my Friend, *Abel*, an honest Fellow ;

He lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not

Sophisticate it with Sack-lees or Oil ;

Nor washes it in Muscadel and Grains,

Nor buries it in Gravel, under Ground,

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd up in greasie Leather, or pifs'd Clouts:
But keeps it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like Conserve of Roses, or *French Beans*.
He has his Maple Block, his silver Tongs,
Winchester Pipes, and Fire of Juniper,
A neat, spruce, honest Fellow, and no Goldsmith.

Sub. H' is a fortunate Fellow, that I am sure on—

Fac. Already, Sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee,
Abel!

Sub. And in right way to'ward Riches—

Fac. Sir. *Sub.* This Summer

He will be of the Cloathing of his Company,
And next Spring call'd to the Scarlet, spend what he
can.

Fac. What, and so little Beard? *Sub.* You must
think,

He may have a Receit to make Hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his Youth, and fine for't;
His Fortune looks for him another way.

Fac. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so
soon?

I am amus'd at that! *Sub.* By a Rule, Captain,
In *Metaposcropy*, which I do work by;
A certain Star i' the Forehead, which you see not,
Your Chestnut, or your Olive-colour'd Face
Do's never fail: and your long Ear doth promise.
I knew't, by certain Spots too, in his Teeth,
And on the Nail of his *Mercurial* Finger.

Fac. Which Finger's that? *Sub.* His little Finger:
Look.

Yo' were born upon a Wednesday?

Tru. Yes indeed, Sir.

Sub. The Thumb, in *Chiromanty*, we give *Venus*;
The Fore-finger, to *Jove*; the midst, to *Saturn*;
The Ring, to *Sol*; the least, to *Mercury*:
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoscope*,
His *House of Life* being *Libra*; which fore-shew'd
He should be a Merchant, and should Trade with Bal-
lance.

Fac. Why, this is strange? Is't not, honest Nab?

Sub.

Sub. There is a Ship now, coming from *Ormuz*,
That shall yield him such a Commodity
Of Drugs—This is the West, and this the South?

Dru. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And those are your two sides?

Dru. I, Sir.

Sub. Make me your Door, then, South; your Broad-
side, West:

And, on the East-side of your Shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Upon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the Names of those *Mercurial* Spirits,
That do fright Flies from Boxes. *Dru.* Yes, Sir.

Sub. And

Beneath your Threshold, bury me a Load-stone
To draw in Gallants, that wear Spurs: The rest,
They'll seem to follow. *Fac.* That's a Secret, *Nab!*

Sub. And, on your Stall, a Puppet, with a Vice,
And a Court-*fucus* to call City-dames.
You shall deal much with *Minerals*. *Dru.* Sir, I have
At home, already — *Sub.* I, I know, you have

Arsnike,

Vitriol, *Sal-tartre*, *Argale*, *Alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This Fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great Distiller,
And give a Say (I will not say directly,
But very fair) at the *Philosophers Stone*.

Fac. Why, how now, *Abel!* is this true? *Dru.*
Good Captain,

What must I give? *Fac.* Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what Wealth (he says, spend what thou
canst)

Th'art like to come too. *Dru.* I would gi' him a
Crown.

Fac. A Crown! and toward such a Fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy Shop. No Gold about
thee?

Dru. Yes, I have a *Portague*, I ha' kept this half
Year.

Fac. Out on thee, *Nab!* 'Slight, there was not such
an Offer

'Shalt

'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee?
 Doctor, *Nab* prays your Worship to drink this, and
 Swears

He will appear more grateful, as your Skill
 Do's raise him in the World. *Dru.* I would intreat
 Another Favour of his Worship. *Fac.* What is't,
Nab?

Dru. But, to look over, Sir, my *Almanack*,
 And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither
 Bargain, nor trust upon them. *Fac.* That he shall,
Nab.

Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst Afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his Shelves. *Fac.* Now,
Nab?

Art thou well pleas'd, *Nab?* *Dru.* 'Thank, Sir, both
 your Worships

Fac. Away.

Why, now you smoky persecuter of Nature!
 Now do you see, that some-thing's to be done,
 Beside your Beech-coal, and your cor'sive Waters,
 Your Crosslets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
 You must have Stuff, brought home to you, to work
 on?

And, yet, you think, I am at no expence,
 In searching out these Veins, then following 'em,
 Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my Intelligence,
 Cost me more Money, than my share oft comes too,
 In these rare Works. *Sub.* You're pleasant, Sir.
 How now?

SCENE IV.

Face, Dol, Subtle.

Fac. What says my dainty *Dolkin*? *Dol.* Yonder
 Fish-wife

Will not away. And there's your Giantess,
 The Bawd of *Lambeth*. *Sub.* Heart, I cannot speak
 with 'em.

Dol. Not afore Night, I have told 'em, in a Voice,
 Thorough the Trunk, like one of your *Familiars*.
 But I have spied Sir *Epicure Mammon*—*Sub.* Where?
Dol.

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the Lane,
Slow of his Feet, but earnest of his Tongue,
To one that's with him. *Sub.* Face, go you, and
shift.

Dol. you must presently make ready, too——

Dol. Why, what's the matter? *Sub.* O, I did look
for him

With the Suns rising: 'Marvel, he could sleep!
This is the Day I am to perfect for him
The *Magisterium*, our great Work, the Stone:
And yield it, made into his Hands: of which,
He has, this Month, talk'd, as he were possess'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away,
Me-thinks I see him entring Ordinaries,
Dispensing for the Pox, and Plaguy Houses,
Reaching his Dose, walking *Moore-fields* for Lepers,
And offering Citizens-wives Pomander-bracelets,
As his Preservative, made of the *Elixir*;
Searching the Spittle, to make old Bawds young;
And the High-ways, for Beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his Labours. He will make
Nature ashamed, of her long sleep: when Art,
Who's but a Step-dame, shall do more than she,
In her best to love to Mankind, ever could
If his Dream last, he'll turn the Age to Gold.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mammon, Surly.

COME on, Sir. Now, you set your Foot on
Shore

In *novo Orbe*; Here's the rich *Peru*:
And there within, Sir, are the Golden Mines,
Great *Solomon's Ophir*! He was Sailing to't,
Three Years, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the Day, wherein, to all my Friends,
I will pronounce the happy Word, *Be Rich*.
This Day you shall be *spectatissimi*.

You

You shall no more deal with the hollow Dye,
 Or the frail Card. No more be at Charge of keeping
 The Livery-punk, for the young Heir, that must
 Seal, at all Hours, in his Shirt. No more,
 If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
 That brings him the Commodity. No more
 Shall thirst of Sattin, or the Covetous hunger
 Of Velvet Entrails, for a rude-spun Cloke,
 To be displaid at *Madam Augusta's*, make
 The Sons of Sword, and Hazzard fall before
 The Golden Calf, and on their Knees, whole Nights,
 Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets:
 Or go a feasting, after Drum and Ensign.
 No more of this. You shall start up young *Viceróis*,
 And have your Punques, and Punquettees, my *Surly*.
 And unto thee, I speak it first, Be

Rich,

Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within } *Within* } Sir,
 hough! }

He'll come to you, by and by.

Mam. That's his Fire-drake,

His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffs his Coals,
 Till he firk Nature up, in her own Center.

You are not faithful, Sir. This Night, I'll change
 All, that is Metal, in thy House, to Gold.

And, early in the Morning, will I send

To all the Plumbers, and the Pewterers,

And Buy their Tin, and Lead up: and to *Lothbury*,

For all the Copper. *Sur.* What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase *Devonshire*, and *Corn-*
wall,

And make them perfect *Indies*! You admire now?

Sur. No faith. *Mam.* But when you see the effects
 of the great Medicine!

Of which one part projected on a hundred

Of *Mercury*, or *Venus*, or the *Moon*,

Shall turn it to as many of the *Sun*;

Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:

You will believe me. *Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.

But, if my Eyes do dozen me so (and I

Giving

Giving 'em no occasion) sure I'll have
A Whore, shall piss 'em out, next Day. *Mam.* Ha!
Why?

Do you think, I Fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the Sun*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not only can do that, but by it's Vertue,
Can confer Honour, Love, Respect, long Life,
Give Safety, Valour, yea, and Victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty Days,
I'll make an old Man, of Fourscore, a Child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already. *Mam.* Nay, I
mean,

Restore his Years, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth Age; make him get Sons and Daughters,
Young Giants; as our *Philosophers* have done
(The antient *Patriarchs* afore the Flood)
But taking, once a Week, on a Knife's Point,
The quantity of a Grain of Mustard of it:
Become stout *Marses*, and beget young *Cupids*.

Sur. The decay'd *Vestals* of *Pickt-hatch* would thank
you,

That keep the Fire a-live, there. *Mam.* 'Tis the
secret

Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all Infections,
Cures all Diseases, coming of all Causes;
A Month's Grief in a Day; a Years in twelve:
And, of what Age soever, in a Month.

Past all the Doses of your drugging Doctors.

I'll undertake, withal, to fright the Plague
Out o' the Kingdom, in three Months. *Sur.* And I'll
Be bound, the Players shall Sing your Praises, then,
Without their Poets. *Mam.* Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
I'll give away so much unto my Man,
Shall serve th' whole City, with Preservative,
Weekly; each House his Dose, and at the rate ——

Sur. As he that built the Water-work, do's with
Water?

Mam. You are incredulous. *Sur.* Faith I have a Hu-
mour,

I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
 Cannot transmute me. *Mam. Pertinax Surly,*
 Will you believe Antiquity? Records?
 I'll shew you a Book, where *Moses*, and his Sister,
 And *Solomon* have written of the Art;
 I, and a Treatise penn'd by *Adam. Sur. How!*
Mam. O' the Philosophers Stone, and in high Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, Sir, in high Dutch? Mam.
 He did:
 Which proves it was the Primitive Tongue. *Sur.*
 What Paper?
Mam. On Cedar Board. Sur. O that, indeed (they
say)
 Will last 'gainst Worms. *Mam. 'Tis like your Irish*
Wood,
 'Gainst Cob-webs. I have a piece of *Jason's Fleece,*
 too,
 Which was no other than a Book of *Alchemy.*
 Writ in large Sheep-skin, a good fat Ram-vellam.
 Such was *Pythagoras's Thigh, Pandora's Tub;*
 And, all that Fable of *Medea's Charms,*
 The manner of our Work: The Bulls, our Furnace;
 Still breathing Fire: our *Argent-vive,* the Dragon:
 The Dragons Teeth, *Mercury Sublimate,*
 That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
 And they are gather'd into *Jason's Helm,*
 (Th' *Alembick*) and then sow'd in *Mars* his Field,
 And thence sublim'd so often, till they are fix'd.
 Both this, th' *Hesperian Garden, Cadmus Story,*
Jove's Shower, the Boon of Midas, Argus Eyes,
Boccate his Demogorgon, thousands more,
 All abstract Riddles of our *Stone. How now?*

SCENE II.

Mammon, Face, Surly.

Mam. Do we succeed? Is our Day come? and
hold's it;

Fac. The Evening will set red upon you, Sir;
 You have colour for it, *Crimson: the red Ferment*
 Has

Has done his Office, Three Hours hence, prepare you
To see Projection. *Mam. Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
Again, I say to thee, aloud, *Be Rich*,
This Day, thou shalt have Ingots: and, to Morrow,
Give Lords th' affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
Blushes the *Bolts-head*. *Fac.* Like a *Wench* with Child,
Sir,

That were, but now, discover'd to her Master.

Mam. Excellent witty *Lungs*! My only Care is,
Where to get Stuff enough now, to Project on,
This Town will not half serve me. *Fac.* No, Sir? Buy
The covering off o' Churches. *Mam.* That's true.
Fac. Yes.

Let 'em stand bare, as do their Auditory.
Or cap 'em, new, with Shingles. *Mam.* No good Thatch:
Thatch will lye light upo' the Rafter, *Lungs*.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the Furnace;
I will restore thee thy Complexion, *Puffe*,
Lost in the Embers; and repair this Brain,
Hurt wi' the Fume, o' the Metals. *Fac.* I have blown, Sir,
Hard for your Worship; thrown by many a Coal,
When 'twas not Beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
To keep your heat still even; These Bleard-Eyes
Have wak'd, to read your several Colours, Sir:
Of the *pale Citron*, the *green Lyon*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacock's Tail*, the *plumed Swan*. *Mam.* And lastly,
Thou hast descryed the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni*!

Fac. Yes, Sir. *Mam.* Where's Master? *Fac.* At's
Prayers, Sir, he,

Good Man, he's doing his Devotions,
For the Success. *Mam.* *Lungs*, I will set a Period!
To all thy Labours: Thou shalt be the Master
Of my *Seraglio*. *Fac.* Good, Sir. *Mam.* But do you
hear?

I'll geld you, *Lungs*. *Fac.* Yes, Sir. *Mam.* For I
do mean

To have a List of Wives and Concubines,
Equal with *Solomon*, who had the Stone
Alike with me: and I will make me a Back
With the *Elixir*, that shall be as tough

As *Hercules*, to encounter Fifty a Night.

Th'art sure thou saw'st it *Blood*? *Fac*. Both *Blood* and *Spirit*, Sir.

Mam. I will have all my Beds, blown up; not stuf: Down is too hard. And then, mine Oval Room Fill'd with such Pictures as *Tiberius* took From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine* But coldly imitated. Then, my Glasses Cut in more subtil Angles, to disperse, And multiply the Figures, as I walk Naked between my *Succaba*. My Mists I'll have of Perfume, vapor'd 'bout the Room, To lose our selves in; and my Baths, like Pits To fall into: from whence we will come forth, And rowl us dry in Gossamour and Roses. (Is it arriv'd at *Ruby*?) — Where I spy A wealthy Citizen, or rich Lawyer, Have a sublim'd pure Wife, unto that Fellow I'll send a thousand Pound, to be my Cuckold.

Fac And I shall carry it? *Mam*. No, I'll ha' no Bawds,

But Fathers and Mothers. They will do it best, Best of all others. And my Flatterers Shall be the pure, and gravest of Divines, That I can get for Money. My meet Fools, Eloquent Burgesses, and then my Poets The same that writ so subtilly of the *Fart*; Whom I will entertain still for that Subject. The few that would give out themselves, to be Court and Town-stallions, and, each-where, belye Ladies, who are known most Innocent, for them; Those will I beg, to make me *Eunuchs* of: And they shall fan me with Ten Estrich Tails A piece, made in a Plume, to gather Wind. We will be brave, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *Med'cine*. My Meat shall all come in *Indian* Shells, Dishes of Agat set in Gold, and studded With Emeralds, Saphirs, Hyacinths, and Rubies. The Tongues of Carps, Dormise, and Camels Heels, Boil'd i' the Spirit of *Sol*, and dissolv'd Pearl,

(*Apicius* Diet, 'gainst the *Epilepsie*)

And I will eat these Broaths with Spoons of Amber,
Headed with Diamant, and Carbuncle.

My Foot-boy shall eat Pheasants, calver'd Salmons,
Knôts, Godwits, Lamprey's: I my self will have
The Beards of Barbels serv'd, in stead of Sallads;
Oil'd Mushromes; and the swelling unctuous Paps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poynant Sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my Cook, There's Gold,
Go forth, and be a Knight. *Fac.* Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *Mam.* Do. My Shirts
I'll have of Taffata-sarnet, soft and light
As Cob-webs; and for all my other Rayment,
It shall be such as might provoke the *Persian*,
Were he to teach the World Riot anew.
My Gloves of Fishes, and Birds-skins, perfum'd
With Gums of *Paradise*, and Eastern Air ———

Sur. And do' you think to have the Stone, with
this?

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this, with the Stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A Pious, Holy, and Religious Man,
One free from mortal Sin, a very Virgin.

Mam. That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I Buy it.
My Venture brings it me. He, honest Wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good Soul,
Has worn his Knees bare, and his Slippers bald,
With Prayer and Fasting for it: and, Sir, let him
Dó it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a prophane Word, afore him: 'Tis Poyson.

SCENE III.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, Face.

Mam. Good Morrow, Father. *Sub.* Gentle Son, good
Morrow,

And to your Friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An Heretick, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to convert him. *Sub.* Son, I doubt

Yo'are

Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your time
 I' the just Point : prevent your Day, at Morning.
 This argues something, worthy of a Fear
 Of importune, and carnal Appetite
 Take heed, do you not cause the Blessing to leave you,
 With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
 To see my Labours, now e'en at perfection,
 Got by long watching, and large patience,
 Not prosper, where my Love and Zeal hath plac'd 'em.
 Which (Heaven I call to witness, with your self,
 To whom I have pour'd my Thoughts) in all my
 Ends,

Have look'd no way, but unto publick Good,
 To pious Uses, and dear Charity,
 Now grown a Prodigy with Men. Wherein
 If you, my Son, should now prevaricate,
 And, to your own particular Lusts, employ
 So Great and Catholick a Bliss, be sure,
 A Curse will follow, yea, and overtake
 Your subtle and most secret way. *Mam*, I know, Sir,
 You shall not need to fear me. I but come,
 To ha' you confute this Gentleman. *Sur*. Who is,
 Indeed, Sir, somewhat caustive of belief
 Toward your *Stone*: would not be gull'd. *Sub*. Well,
 Son,

All that I can convince him in, is this,
 The work is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *Robe*.
 We have a *Med'cine* of the triple *Soul*,
 The glorified *Spirit*. Thanks be to Heaven,
 And make us worthy of it. ULEN SPIEGEL.

Fac. Anon, Sir. *Sub*. Look well to the Register,
 And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
 To the *Aludels*. *Fac*. Yes, Sir. *Sub*. Did you look
 O' the *Bolts-head* yet? *Fac*. Which, on *D*. Sir?

Sub. I.

What's the Complexion? *Fac*. Whitish. *Sub*. Infuse
 Vinegar,

To draw his volatile substance, and his Tincture:
 And let the Water in *Glass E*. be felfred,
 And put into the *Gripes Egg*. Lute him well;

B 2

And

And leave him clos'd in *Balneo. Fac.* I will, Sir.

Sur. What a brave Language here is? next to Canting?

Sub. I' have another work, you never saw, Son,
That three Days since past the *Philosopher's Wheel*.
In the lent heat of *Athamor*; and's become
Sulphur o' Nature. *Mam.* But 'tis for me? *Sub.* What
need you?

You have enough, in that is perfect. *Mam.* O,
but ———

Sub. Why, this is covetise! *Mam.* No, I assure
you,

I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of Colleges, and *Grammar Schools*,
Marrying young Virgins, building Hospitals,
And now, and then, a Church. *Sub.* How now?

Fac. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the *feltre*? *Sub.* Marry, yes.
And bring me the *Complexion of Glass B.*

Mam. Ha' you another? *Sub.* Yes, Son, were I
assur'd

Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorifie it. But I hope the best:
I mean to tinct C. in *Sand-heat*, to Morrow,
And give him *Imbibition.* *Mam.* Of white Oil?

Sub. No, Sir, of red. F. is come over the *Helm*
too,

I thank my Maker, in *S. Maries Bath*,
And shews *Lac Virginis.* Blessed be Heaven.
I sent you of his *faces* there *calcin'd.*

Out of that *Calx*, I' ha' won the *Salt of Mercury.*

Mam. By powring on your *rectified water*?

Sub. Yes, and *reverberating* in *Athamor.*

How now? What colour says it? *Fac.* The ground
black, Sir.

Mam. That's your *Crowes head*?

Sur. Your Cocks-comb's, is't not?

Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the *Crow*.
That work wants something. *Sur.* (O, look'd for this.
The Hay is a pitching.) *Sub.* Are you sure, you
loos'd 'em

I' their

I'their own *menstrue*? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, and then married 'em

And put them in a *Bolts-head*, nipp'd to *digestion*,
According as you bade me, when I set
The *Liquor* of *Mars* to *Circulation*,

In the same heat. *Sub.* The Process, then, was right.

Fac. Yes, by the token, Sir, the *Retort* brake,

And what was sav'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,
And Sign'd with *Hermes' Seal*. *Sub.* I think 'twas so.

We should have a new *Amalgama*. (*Sur.* O, this
Ferret

Is rank as any *Pole-cat*.) *Sub.* But I care not.

Let him e'endye; we have enough beside,

In *Embrion*. H. ha's his *white-shirt* on? *Fac.* Yes,
Sir,

He's ripe for *inceration*: He stands warm,

In his *Ash-Fire*. I would not, you should let

Any die now, If I might counsel, Sir,

For lucks sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mam. He says right. *Sur.* I, are you bolted?

Fac. Nay, I know't, Sir,

I' have seen th' ill Fortune. What is some three
Ounces

Of fresh *materials*? *Mam.* Is't no more? *Fac.* No
more, Sir,

Of Gold, t' *Amalgame*, with some six of *Mercury*.

Mam. Away, here's Mony. What will serve?

Fac. Ask him, Sir.

Mam. How much? *Sub.* Give him Nine Pound: you
may gi' him Ten.

Sur. Yes. Twenty, and be Cozen'd, do. *Mam.*
There 'tis.

Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it so,

To see conclusions of all, For two

Of our inferiour Works, are at *fixation*.

A third is in *ascension*. Go your ways.

Ha' you set the Oil of *Luna* in *Kemia*?

Fac. Yes, Sir. *Sub.* And the *Philosophers Vinegar*.

Fac. I.

Sur. We shall have a Sallad. *Mam.* When do you make *Projection*?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our *Med'cine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo vaporoso*,
And giving him solution; then congeal him;
For look how oft I iterate the Work,
So many times I add unto his Vertue.
As, if at first one Ounce convert a hundred.
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth a hundred.
After his fifth, a thousand thousand Ounces
Of any imperfect Metal, into pure
Silver or Gold, in all Examinations,
As good as any of the natural Mine.
Get you your Stuff here against Afternoon,
Your Brasses, your Pewter, and your Andirons.

Mam. Not those of Iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.

We'll change all Metals. *Sur.* I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my Spits?

Sub. Yes, and your Racks.

Sur. And Dripping-pans, and Pot-hangers, and Hooks?

Shall he not? *Sub.* If he please. *Sur.* To be an Ass.

Sub. How, Sir!

Mam. This Gent'man you must bear withal:

I told you, he had no Faith. *Sur.* And a little Hope,
Sir;

But much less Charity, should I gull my self.

Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, Sir, in our Art,
Seems so impossible? *Sur.* But your whole Work, no
more.

That you should hatch Gold in a Furnace, Sir,
As they do Eggs in *Egypt*! *Sub.* Sir, do you
Believe that Eggs are hatch'd so? *Sur.* If I should?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater Miracle.
No Egg but differs from a Chicken more
Than Metals in themselves. *Sur.* That cannot be.
The Eggs ordain'd by Nature to that end,
And is a Chicken in *Potentia*.

Sub.

Sub. The same we say of Lead, and other Metals,
Which would be Gold, if they had time. *Mam.* And
that

Our Art doth further. *Sub.* I, for 'twere absurd
To think that Nature in the Earth bred Gold
Perfect i' the instant. Something went before.
There must be remote Matter. *Sur.* I, what is that?

Sub. Marry, we say — *Mam.* I, now it heats:
stand Father,

Pound him to Dust — *Sub.* It is, of the one part,
A humid Exhalation, which we call

Material liquida; or the *unctuous Water*;

On the other part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of Earth; both which, con corporate,
Do make the Elementary Matter of Gold;

Which is not yet *propria materia*,

But commune to all Metals, and all Stones.

For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,

And hath more driness, it becomes a Stone;

Where it retains more of the humid fatness,

It turns to *Sulphur*, or to *Quicksilver*,

Who are the Parents of all other Metals.

Nor can this remote Matter suddenly

Progress so from extreme unto extreme,

As to grow Gold, and leap o'er all the Means.

Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then

Proceeds she to the Perfect. Of that airy

And oily Water, *Mercury* is engendred;

Sulphur o' the fat and earthly part; the one

(Which is the last) supplying the place of Male,

The other of Female, in all Metals.

Some do believe that *Hermaphrodeity*,

That both do act and suffer. But these two

Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.

And even in Gold they are; for we do find

Seeds of them, by our Fire, and Gold in them;

And can produce the *species* of each Metal

More perfect thence, than Nature doth in Earth.

Beside, who doth not see, in daily practice,

Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Wasps,

Out of the Carcasses and Dung of Creatures;
 Yea, Scorpions of an Herb, being rightly plac'd?
 And these are living Creatures, far more perfect
 And excellent than Metals. *Mam.* well said, *Father!*
 Nay, if he take you in Hand, Sir, with an *Argument*,
 He'll bray you in a Mortar. *Sur.* Pray you, Sir, stay.
 Rather then I'll be bray'd, Sir. I'll believe
 That *Alchemy* is a pretty kind of Game,
 Somewhat like Tricks o'the Cards, to cheat a Man
 With charming. *Sub.* Sir?

Sur. What else are all your Terms,
 Whereon no one o'your Writers 'grees with other?
 Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac virginis*,
 Your *Stone*, your *Med'cine*, and your *Chryssesperme*,
 Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercury*,
 Your *Oil of Height*, your *Tree of Life*, your *Blood*,
 Your *Marchesite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magnesia*,
 Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panthar*,
 Your *Sun*, your *Moon*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
 Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*.
 And then your *Red-Man*, and your *White-Woman*,
 With all your *Broths*, your *Menstrues*, and *Materials*,
 Of *Piss* and *Egg-shells*, *Womens Terms*, *Man's Blood*,
Hair o'th' Head, *burnt Clouts*, *Chalk*, *Merds*, and *Clay*,
Powder of Bones, *Scalings of Iron*, *Glass*,
 And *Worlds* of other strange *Ingredients*,
 Would burst a Man to name? *Sub.* And all these, nam'd,
 Intending but one thing; which Art our Writers
 Us'd to obscure their Art. *Mam.* Sir, so I told him,
 Because the simple Idiot should not learn it,
 And make it vulgar. *Sub.* Was not all the Knowledge
 Of the *Ægyptians* writ in mystick Symbols?
 Speak not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?
 Are not the choicest *Fables* of the *Poets*,
 That were the *Fountains* and first *Springs of Wisdom*,
 Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? *Mam.* I urg'd that,
 And clear'd to him, that *Sisyphus* was damn'd
 To roll the ceaseless Stone, only because
 He would have ours common. Who is this? [*Doll is seen.*
God's precious.—What do you mean? Go in, good Lady,
 Let

Let me intreat you. Where's this Varlet? *Fac.* Sir?

Sub. You very Knave! do you use me thus?

Fac. Wherein, Sir?

Sub. Go in, and see, you Traitor. Go.

Mam. Who is it, Sir?

Sub. Nothing, Sir: Nothing.

Mam. What' the matter, good Sir?

I have not seen you thus distemper'd? Who is't?

Sub. All Arts have still had, Sir, their *Adversaries*;
But ours the *most ignorant*. What now? [*Face returns.*]

Fac. 'Twas not my Fault, Sir; she would speak
with you.

Sub. Would she, Sir? Follow me.

Mam. Stay, *Lungs.* *Fac.* I dare not, Sir.

Mam. How! Pray thee stay.

Fac. She's mad, Sir, and sent hither——

Mam. Stay Man, what is she! *Fac.* A Lord's Sister,
Sir.

(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.)

Why sent hither?

Fac. Sir, to be cur'd. *Sur.* Why Rascal!

Fac. Loe you. Here, Sir. [*He goes out.*]

Mam. 'Fore God, a *Bradamante*, a brave Piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a Bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.

Mam. O, by this Light, no. Do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous that way. It is his Vice.

No, he's a rare Phyfician, do him right,

An excellent *Paracelsian*, and has done

Strange Cures with *Mineral Physick*. He deals all

With Spirits, he. He will not hear a Word

Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipe's*.

How now, *Lungs*! [*Face again.*]

Fac. Softly, Sir, speak softly. I meant
To ha' told your Worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Fac. Y'are very right, Sir, she is a most rare *Scholar*;
And is gone mad with studying *Braughton's Works*.

If you but name a Word touching the *Hebrew*,

She falls into her Fit, and will discourse

So learnedly of *Genealogies*,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, Sir.

Mam. How might one do t' have Conference with her, *Lungs*?

Fac. O, divers have run mad upon the conference, I do not know, Sir: I am sent in haste, To fetch a Viol. *Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.

Mam. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are,

And trust confederate Knaves, and Bawds, and Whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, *Ulen*, One word. *Fac.* I dare not, in good faith.

Mam. Stay, Knave.

Fac. H' is extream angry that you saw her, Sir.

Mam. Drink that. What is she when she's out of her Fit?

Fac. O, the most affablest creature, Sir! so merry! So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like *Quick-silver*, Over the *Helm*; and circulate, like *Oil*,

A very *Vegetal*, Discourse of *State*,

Of *Mathematicks*, *Bawdry*, any thing——

Mam. Is she no ways accessible? no means,

No trick to give a Man a taste of her——wit——

Or so?—*ULEN.* *Fac.* I'll come to you again, Sir.

Mam. *Surly*, I did not think, one your breeding Would traduce Personages of worth. *Sur.* Sir *Epicure*, Your friend to use: yet, still, loth to be gull'd. I do not like your *Philosophical* Bawds.

Their *Stone* is Letchery enough to pay for,

Without this Bait. *Mam.* 'Heart, you abuse your self.

I know the Lady, and her Friends, and Means,

The Original of this Disaster. Her Brother

H'as told me all. *Sur.* And yet you ne'er saw her

Till now? *Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot. I have (be-
lieve it)

One o' the treacheroufests memories, I do think,

Of all Mankind. *Sur.* What call you her Brother?

Mam. My Lord——

He wi' not have his Name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous Memory! *Mam.* O my
faith——

Sur.

Sur. Tut. If you ha' it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next. *Mam.* Nay, by this hand, tis true,
He's one I honour, and my Noble Friend,
And I respect his House. *Sur.* Heart, can it be,
That a grave Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise Sir too, at other times, should thus
With his own Oaths, and Arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? And this be your *Elixir*,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunary*,
Give me your honest trick, yet, at *Primer*,
Or *Gleek*; and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex*: I'll have Gold before you,
And with less Danger of the *Quicksilver*,
Or the hot *Sulphur*.

Fac. Here's one from Captain *Face*, Sir? [To *Surly*.
Desires you to meet him i' the *Temple-Church*,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest Business.
Sir, if you please to quit us, now; and come

[He whispers *Mammon*.

Again within two Hours, you shall have
My Master busie examining o' the Works;
And I will steal you unto the Party,
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say,
You'll meet the Captain's Worship? *Sur.* I will.
But, by Attorney, and to a second Purpose.
Now, I am sure, it is a Bawdy-house;
I'll swear it, were the Marshal here to thank me:
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why, h' is the most authentick Dealer
I' these Commodities! The *Superintendent*
To all the quainter Traffickers in Town.
He is the *Visitor*, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what Hour; what Price;
Which Gown; and in what Smock; what Fall; what
Tyre.

Him will I prove, by a third Person to find
The Subtilties of this dark *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I do discover, dear Sir *Mammon*,
You'll give your poor Friend leave, tho' no *Philosopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep,
Fac.

Fac. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, Sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you?

Mam, I follow you, straight.

Fac. But do so, good Sir, to avoid Suspicion,
This Gent'man has a par'lous Head.

Mam. But wilt thou, ULEN,

Be constant to thy Promise? *Fac.* As my Life, Sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and
praise me?

And say, I am a noble Fellow? O what else, Sir.

And that you'll make her royal, with the Stone,
An Emprefs; and your self King of *Bantam*.

Mam. Wilt thou do this?

Fac. Will I, Sir? *Mam.* Lungs, my Lungs!

I love thee. *Fac.* Send your Stuff, Sir, that my Master
May busie himself about projection.

Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, Rogue? Take; go.

Fac. Your Jack, and all, Sir.

Mam. Thou art a Villain—I will send my Jack,
And the Weights too. Slave, I could bite thine Ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me. *Fac.* Not I, Sir?

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good
Weasel,

Set thee on a Bench, and ha' thee twirl a Chain
With the best Lord's Vermine of 'em all. *Fac.* Away
Sir.

Mam. A Count, nay, a Count-Palatine. ———

Fac. Good, Sir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

SCENE IV.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

Sub. Has he bit? Has he bit?

Fac. And swallow'd too, my *Subtle*.

I ha' giv'n him Line, and now he plays, yfaith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him?

Fac. Thorow both the Gills.

A Wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

Sub. Dol. my Lord *Wha'ts' hums* Sister, you must now
Bear your self STATELICH. *Dol.* O let me alone.

I'll not forget my Race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my Distance, laugh and talk aloud;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy Lady,

And be as rude as her Woman. *Fac.* Well said, *Sanguine*;

Sub. But will he send his Andirons?

Fac. His Jack too;

And's Iron shoöing-Horn: I ha' spoken to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary Gamester, yonder,

Sub. O *Monsieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?

Fac. I, if I can strike a fine hook into him, now,
The Temple-Church, there I have cast mine Angle.
Well, pray for me, I'll about it.

Sub. What more Gudgeons! [One knocks]

Dol. scout, scout,; stay, *Face*, you must go to the door.
'Pray God it be my *Anabaptist*. Who is't, *Dol*?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like a Goldend-man.

Sub. Gods so! tis he, he said he would send.

What call you him?

The *sanctified Elder*, that should deal

For *Mammon's* Jack and Andirons! Let him in.

Stay, help me off, first with my Gown, Away

Madam, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now;

In a new tune, new gesture, but old Language,

This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me

About the Stone too; for the *holy Brethren*,

Of *Amsterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*: that hope

To raise their *Discipline* by it. I must use him

In some strange fashion, now to make him admire me.

SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Ananias.

Sub. Where is my Drudge? *Fac.* Sir.

Sub. Take away the *Recipient*,

And rectifie your *Menstrue* from the *Phlegma*.

Then

Then pour it o' the Sol, in the Cucurbite,
And let 'em macerate together. *Fac.* Yes, Sir.
And save the Ground? *Sub.* No. *Terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work. Who are you?

Ana. A faithful Brother, if it please you.

Sub. What's that?

A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis*?
Can you sublime and dulcifie? calcine?
Know you the Sapor Pontick? Sapor Styptick?
Or what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?

Ana. I understand no Heathen Language, truly.

Sub. Heathen, you Knipper-Doling? Is *Ars Sacra*,
Or *Chrysopæia*, or *Spagyrica*,
Or the Pamphyfick, or Panarchick Knowledge,
A Heathen language? *Ana.* Heathen Greek, I take it.

Sub. How? Heathen Greek?

Ana. All's Heathen but the Hebrew.

Sub. Sirrah, my Varlet, stand you forth, and speak
to him,

Like a Philosopher: Answer i' the language.
Name the Vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Metals in the work. *Fac.* Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation. *Sub.* This is Heathen Greek, to you now?
And whence comes *Vivification*? *Fac.* After *Mortification*.

Sub. What's *Cohobation*. *Fac.* 'Tis the pouring on
Your *Aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the Trine Circle of the Seven Sphears.

Sub. What's the proper passion of Metals?

Fac. *Malleation*.

Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

Fac. *Antimonium*.

Sub. This's Heathen Greek to you? And what's your
Mercury?

Fac. A very fugitive, he will be gone, Sir.

Sub. How know you him? *Fac.* By his *Viscosity*,
His *Oleosity*, and his *Suscitability*.

Sub. How do you sublime him?

Fac.

Fac. With the *calce* of Egg-shells,
White Marble, Chalk. *Sub.* Your *Magisterium*, now?
What's that? *Fac.* Shifting, Sir, your Elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into
dry.

Sub. This's *Heathen Greek* to you still?
Your *Lapis Philosophicus*? *Fac.* 'Tis a Stone, and not
A Stone; a Spirit, a Soul, and a Body:
Which if you do *dissolve*, it is *dissolv'd*;
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*;
If you make it to fly, it *flieth*. *Sub.* Enough.
This's *Heathen Greek* to you? What are you, Sir?

Ana. Please you, a servant of the *Exil'd Brethren*,
That deal with Widows, and with Orphans Goods;
And make a just account unto the *Saints*:
A Deacon. *Sub.* O, you are sent from Master *Wholsome*,
Your Teacher? *Ana.* From *Tribulation Wholsome*,
Our very zealous Pastor. *Sub.* Good. I have
Some Orphans Goods to come here.

Ana. Of what kind, Sir?

Sub. Pewter, and Brass, Andirons, and Kitchinware,
Metals, that we must use our Med'cine on:
Wherein the *Brethren* may have a penn'orth,
For ready money. *Ana.* Were the Orphans Parents
Sincere Professors?

Sub. Why do you ask? *Ana.* Because
We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost value. *Sub.* 'Slid, you'd cozen else;
And if their Parents were not of the *faithful*?
I will not trust you, now I think on't,
'Till I ha' talk'd with your Pastor. Ha' you brought money
To buy more Coals?

Ana. No surely. *Sub.* No? How so?

Ana. The *Brethren* bid me say to you, Sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see *projection*.

Sub. How! *Ana.* You 'have had,
For the Instruments, as Bricks and Lome, and Glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for Materials,
They say, some ninety more: And they have heard
since, That

That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it of an Egg,
And a small Paper of Pindust.

Sub. What's your Name?

Ana. My Name is *Ananias*.

Sub. Out, the Varlet

That cozen'd the *Apostles*! Hence, away,
Flee *Mischief*; had your *holy Consistory*
No Name to send me, of another Sound,
Than wicked *Ananias*? send your *Elders*
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire: and down th' *Alembecks*, and the furnace:
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Buso*, shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,
Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchy* shall perish,
If they stay threescore Minutes. The *Aqueity*,
Terreity, and *Sulphureity*
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough Nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

SCENE VI.

Face, Subtle, Druggier.

Fac. H'is busie with his Spirits, but we'll upon him.

Sub. How now! What mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here?

Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's *Nab*,
Has brought you another piece of Gold to look on:
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would devise (what is it *Nab*?) *Dru.* A sign, Sir.

Fac. I a good lucky one, a thriving sign, Doctor.

Sub. I was devising now.

Fac. (Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What say you to his *Constellation*, Doctor?
The *Ballance*?

Sub.

Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A Townsman born in *Taurus*, gives the Bull;
Or the Bulls-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poor device. No, I will have his Name
Form'd in some mystick Character; whose *Radii*,
Striking the Senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus——*Fac. Nab!*

Sub. He shall have a Bell, that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose Name is *Dee*,
In a Rug Gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *Drug!*
And right anenst him a Dog snarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his sign.
And here's now *Mystery*, and *Hieroglyphick!*

Fac. *Abel*, thou art made.

Dru. I do thank his Worship:

Fac. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, *Nab*.
He has brought you a Pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor.

Dru. Yes, Sir:

I have another thing I would impart——

Fac. Out with it, *Nab*.

Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me

A rich young Widow——*Fac.* Good? a *bona roba?*

Dru. But Nineteen at the most.

Fac. Very good, *Abel*.

Dru. Marry, sh'is not in fashion yet; she wears
A hood; but 't stands acop. *Fac.* No matter, *Abel*.

Dru. And I do now and then give her a *fucus*——

Fac. What! dost thou deal, *Nab?*

Sub. I did tell you, Captain.

Dru. And Physick too sometime, Sir: for which she
trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the Fashion.

Fac. Good (his match too!) on, *Nab*.

Dru. And she do's strangely long to know her fortune.

Fac. Gods lid, *Nab*, send her to the Doctor hither.

Dru. Yes, I have spoke to her of his Worship al-
ready:

But

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
 And hurt her Marriage. *Fac.* Hurt it? 'Tis the way
 To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
 Follow'd and sought: *Nab*, thou shalt tell her this;
 She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your
 Widows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
 Their Honour is the multitude of Suitors:
 Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
 Thou dost not know. *Dru.* No, Sir, she'll never marry
 Under a Knight. Her Brother has made a Vow.

Fac. What, and dost thou despair, my little *Nab*,
 Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee,
 And seeing so many of the City dubb'd?
 One Glas o' thy water, with a *Madam*, I know
 Will have it done, *Nab*. What's her Brother? a
 Knight?

Dru. No, Sir, a Gentleman newly warm in 'his
 land, Sir,

Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that do's govern
 His Sister here; and is a Man himself
 Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
 To learn to quarrel, and to live by his Wits,
 And will go down again, and die i' the Countrey.

Fac. How! to quarrel?

Dru. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrels,
 As Gallants do, to manage 'em by Line.

Fac. 'Slid, *Nab*! The Doctor is the only man
 In *Christendom* for him. He has made a Table,
 With *Mathematical* Demonstrations,
 Touching the Art of Quarrels. He will give him
 An Instrumet to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
 Him and his Sister. And, for thee, with her
 The Doctor happ'ly may perswade. Go to.
 'Shat give his Worship a new Damask Suit
 Upon the premisses.

Sub. O, good Captain. *Fac.* He shall,
 He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
 No Offers, bring the Damask, and the Parties.

Dru. I'll try my power, Sir.

Fac.

Fac. And thy will too, *Nab.*

Sub. 'Tis good *Tobacco*, this! what is't an Ounce?

Fac. He'll send you a pound, Doctor.

Sub. O, no. *Fac.* He will do't.

It is the goodest Soul. *Abel*, about it.

(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)

A miserable Rogue, and lives with Cheefe,

And has the worms, That was the Cause indeed

Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,

To get a Med'cine for 'em.

Sub. And shall, Sir. This works.

Fac. A wife, a wife for one on'us, my dear *Subtle*:

We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have

The more in Goods, the other has in Tail.

Sub. Rather the less. For she may be so light

She may want Grains.

Fac. I, or be such a burden,

A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

Fac. Content. But *Dol* must ha' no breath on't.

Sub. Mum,

Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, catch him.

Fac. 'Pray God I ha' not staid too long.

Sub. I fear it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

Tri. THESE chastisements are common to the Saints,

And such rebukes we of the *separation*.

Must bear, with willing shoulders, as the trials

Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure Zeal

I do not like the man, He is a *Heathen*,

And speaks the Language of *Canaan*, truly.

Tri. I think him a prophane person indeed.

Ana. He bears

The

The visible mark of the Beast in his fore-head.
And for his *stone*, it is a work of darkness,
And with *Philosophy* blinds the eyes of man.

Tri. Good Brother, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the *holy Cause*.

Ana. Which his cannot: The *sanctified Cause*
Should have a *sanctified Course*.

Tri. Not always necessary:
The Children of Perdition are oft-times
Made Instruments even of the greatest works.
Beside, we should give somewhat to mans nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of Metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to Passion.
Where have you greater *Atheists* than your Cooks?
Or more prophane, or cholerick, than your Glasmen?
More *Antichristian* than your Bell-founders?
What makes the Devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common Enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and *Arsnick*? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of Humours in the blood. It may be so.
When as the work is done, the *stone* is made,
This heat of his may turn into a Zeal,
And stand up for the beaueious discipline,
Against the menstruous Cloth, and Rag of *Rome*.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the *Brethrens* blessing of *Heidelberg*, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the *silenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philosophers Stone*.
And so a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Assur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The only Med'cine, for the civil Magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the Cause;
And must be daily us'd in the Disease.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by Man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:

And

And I am sad my Zeal hath so offended.

Tri. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The motion's good,
And of the Spirit; I will knock first: Peace be within.

SCENE II.

Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.

Sub. O 'are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescorē
minutes

Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone

Furnus acedia, Turris circulatorius:

Lembek, Bolts-head, Retort, and Pellicane

Had all been cinders. Wicked *Ananias!*

Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down yet:

Tri. Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble

Himself in Spirit, and to ask your patience,

If too much Zeal hath carried him aside

From the due path. *Sub.* Why, this doth qualifie!

Tri. The *Brethren* had no purpose, verily,

To give you the least Grievance: but are ready

To lend their willing hands to any project

The Spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more!

Tri. And for the Orphans Goods, let them be valu'd,

Or what is needful else to the holy work,

It shall be numbred; here, by me, the *Saints*

Throw down their Purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.

Have I discours'd so unto you of our *Stone*,

And of the good that it shall bring your Cause?

Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring Forces

Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your Friends,

From th' *Indies*, to serve you, with all their Fleet)

That even the med'cinal use should make you a Faction,

And Party in the Realm? As put the case,

That some great man in State, he have the Gout,

Why, you but send three drops of your *Elixir*,

You help him straight: there you have made a friend.

Another has the Palsie, or the Dropfie,
 He takes of your incombustible stuff,
 He's young again: there you have made a friend.
 A Lady that is past the feat of Body,
 Tho' not of mind, and hath her Face decay'd
 Beyond all cure of Paintings, you restore
 With the Oil of *Talek*; there you have made a friend:
 And all her friends. A Lord that is a *Leper*,
 A Knight that has the Bone-ach, or a Squire
 That hath both these, you make 'em smooth and sound,
 With a bare *fricace* of your Med'cine: still
 You increase your friends.

Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this Lawyer's Pewter
 To Plate at *Christmass* —

Ana. *Christ-tide*, I pray you.

Sub. Yet *Ananias*?

Ana. I have done. *Sub.* Or changing
 His parcel gilt to massie Gold. You cannot
 But raise your friends. Withal, to be of power
 To pay an Army in the field, to buy
 The King of *France* out of his Realms, or *Spain*
 Out of the *Indies*. What can you not do
 Against Lords spiritual and temporal,
 That shall oppone you? *Tri.* Verily, 'tis true.
 We may be temporal Lords our selves, I take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
 Long-winded Exercises, or suck up
 Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
 But such as are not graced in a State,
 May, for their Ends, be adverse in Religion,
 And get a tune to call the Flock together:
 For (to say sooth) a tune does much with women,
 And other phlegmatick people, it is your Bell.

Ana. Bells are prophane: a tune may be religious.

Sub. No warning with you? Then farewell my
 patience.

'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, Sir.

Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tri.

Tri. Let me find Grace, Sir, in your eyes ; the man
He stands corrected : neither did his zeal
(But as your self) allow a tune somewhere ;
Which now being to'ard the Stone, we shall not need.

Sub. No, nor your holy Vizard, to win widows
To give you Legacies ; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the *Common Cause* :
Nor take the start of Bonds broke but one day ;
And say, *they were forfeited by Providence.*
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next days Fast the better :
The whilst the *Brethren* and the *Sisters* humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry Hearers scrupulous Bones ;
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether *Matrons of the Holy Assembly*
May lay their Hair out, or wear Doublet ;
Or have that Idol Starch about their Linnen.

Ana. It is indeed an Idol.

Tri. Mind him not, Sir.

I do command thee, Spirit (of zeal, but trouble)
To Peace within him. Pray you, Sir, go on.

Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the *Prelates*,
And shorten so your Ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn Grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against Plays, to please the Alderman,
Whose daily Custard you devour. Nor lie
With zealous Rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular Arts. Nor call your selves
By Names of *Tribulation, Persecution,*
Restraint, Long-Patience, and such like affected
By the whole family, or wood of you,
Only for Glory, and to catch the Ear
Of the *Disciple.* *Tri.* Truly, Sir, they are
Ways that the *Godly Brethren* have invented
For propagation of the *Glorious Cause*,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably famous.

Sub. O, but the Stone, all's idle to't! nothing!
The Art of Angels, Natures Miracle,

The

The Divine Secret that doth fly in Clouds
From *East to West*; and whose Tradition
Is not from Men, but Spirits

Ana. I hate *Traditions*:

I do not trust them———*Tri.* Peace.

Ana. They are *Popish*, all.

I will not peace. I will not———*Tri.* *Ananias.*

Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the godly, I
may not.

Sub. Well, *Ananias*, thou shalt over-come.

Tri. It is an ignorant Zeal that haunts him, Sir.
But truly, else, a very faithful *Brother*,
A Botcher: and a Man, by Revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the Truth.

Sub. Has he a competent Sum there i' the Bag
To buy the Goods within? I am made Guardian,
And must, for Charity and Conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor Orphan:
Tho' I desire the *Brethren* too, good Gainers;
There they are within. When you have view'd, and
bought 'em.

And tane the Inventory of what they are,
They are ready for *Projection*; there's no more
To do: Cast on the *Med'cine*, so much Silver
As there is Tin there, so much Gold as Brasse,
I'll gi't you in by weight. *Tri.* But how long time,
Sir, must the *Saints* expect yet? *Sub.* Let me see,
How's the Moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be *Silver Potate*; then three days
Before he *Citronise*: some fifteen days
The *Magisterium* will be perfected.

Ana. About the second Day of the third Week,
In the ninth Month? *Sub.* Yes, my good *Ananias*.

Tri. What will the Orphans Goods arise to, think
you?

Sub. Some hundred Marks, as much as fill'd three
Cars,

Unladed now: you'll make six Millions of 'em.
But I must ha' more Coals laid in.

Tri. How? *Sub.* Another Load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase
Our

Our fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, *Balnei Cineris*,
 And all those lenter heats. If the holy Purse
 Should with this draught fall low, and that the Saints
 Do need a present sum, I have a trick
 To melt the Pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
 And with a Tincture make you as good *Dutch Dollars*
 As any are in *Holland*. *Tri*. Can you so?

Sub. I, and shall 'bide the third Examination.

Ana. It will be joyful Tidings to the *Brethren*.

Sub. But you must carry it secret. *Tri*. I, but stay,
 This act of coining, is it lawful? *Ana*. Lawful?
 We know no Magistrate. Or, if we did,
 This 's foreign Coin.

Sub. It is no coining, Sir.

It is but casting. *Tri*. Ha? you distinguish well.
 Casting of Money may be lawful. *Ana*. 'Tis, Sir.

Tri. Truly, I take it so.

Sub. There is no scruple,
 Sir, to be made of it; believe *Ananias*:
 This Case of Conscience he is studied in.

Tri. I'll make a question of it to the *Brethren*.

Ana. The *Brethren* shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
 Where shall it be done?

Sub. For that we'll talk anon [Knock without.
 There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
 And view the Parcels. That's the Inventory.
 I'll come to you straight. Who is it? *Face*! Appear.

SCENE III.

Subtle, *Face*, *Dol*.

Sub. How now? Good Prize?

Fac. Good Pox! Yond' caustive Cheater
 Never came on. *Sub*. How then?

Fac. I ha' walk'd the round
 Till now, and no such thing

Sub. And ha' you quit him?

Fac. Quit him? an hell would quit him too, he
 were happy.

'Slight would you have me stalk like a Mill-Jade,
 All day, for one that will not yield us Grains?

I know him of old. *Sub.* O, but to ha' gu'l'd him,
 Had been a maistry. *Fac.* Let him go, black Boy,
 And turn thee, that some fresh News may possess thee.
 A noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spain* (my dear
 Delicious Compeer, and my Party-bawd)
 Who is come hither, private for his Conscience,
 And brought Munition with him, six great Sloops,
 Bigger than three *Dutch* Hoys, beside round Trunks,
 Furnish'd with Pistolets, and Pieces of Eight,
 Will straight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath,
 (That is the Colour) and to make his Battr'y
 Upon our *Dol*, our Castle, our Cinque-Port,
 Our *Dover* Pire, or what thou wilt. Where is she?
 She must prepare Perfumes, delicate Linnen,
 The Bath in chief, a Banquet, and her Wit,
 For she must milk his *Epididymis*.
 Where is the *Doxy*? *Sub.* I'll send her to thee:
 And but dispatch my Brace of little *John Leydens*,
 And come again my self. *Fac.* Are they within then?
Sub. Numbring the Sum. *Fac.* How much?
Sub. A hundred Marks, Boy.
Fac. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of
Mammon!

Three o' my Clark! A *Portague* o' my Grocer!
 This o' the *Brethren*! beside *Reversions*,
 And States to come i' the Widow, and my *Count*?
 My share to day will not be bought for forty —
Dol. What?

Fac. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou so near?

Dol. Yes, say Lord General, how fares our Camp?

Fac. As with the few that had intrench'd themselves
 Safe, by their Discipline, against a World, *Dol.*
 And laugh'd within those Trenches, and grew fat
 With thinking on the Booties, *Dol.* brought in
 Daily by their small Parties. This dear hour
 A doughty *Don* is taken with my *Dol*;
 And thou maist make his Ransom what thou wilt,
 My *Donfabel*: He shall be brought here fetter'd
 With thy fair Looks before he sees thee; and thrown
 In a Down-bed, as dark as any Dungeon;
 Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy Drum;

Thy

Thy Drum, my *Dol*; thy Drum; till he be tame,
As the poor Black-birds were i' the great Frost,
Or Bees are with a Bason; and so hive him
I' the Swan-skin Coverlid, and Cambrick Sheets,
Till he work Honey and Wax, my little *Gods-gift*.

Dol. What is he, General? *Fac*. An *Adalantado*,
A Grande, Girl. Was not my *Dapper* here yet?

Dol. No. *Fac*. Nor my *Drugger*?

Dol. Neither. *Fac*. A Pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! Such Stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days.
How now! ha' you done?

Sub. Done. They are gone. The Sum
Is here in bank, my *Face*. I would we knew
Another Chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

Fac. 'Slid, *Nab* shall do't against he ha' the Widow;
To furnish Household. *Sub*. Excellent well thought on.
Pray God he come. *Fac*. I pray he keep away
Till our new Business be o'er past. *Sub*. But, *Face*,
How cam'st thou by this Secret, *Don*? *Fac*. A Spirit
Brought me th' Intelligence in a Paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my Circle
For *Surly*, I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous, *Subtle*, by my means. Sweet *Dol*,
You must go tune your Virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And do you hear? good action:
Firk, like a Flounder; kiss like a Scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy Mother Tongue. His great
Verdugoship has not a jot of Language:
So much the easier to be cozen'd; my *Dolly*,
He will come here in a hir'd Coach, obscure,
And our own Coach-man, whom I have sent as Guide,
No Creature else. Who's that? (One knows)

Sub. It is not he!

Fac. O, no, not yet this Hour.

Sub. Who is't? *Dol*. *Dapper*,
Your Clerk. *Fac*. God's will then, *Queen of Fairy*,
On with your Tyre; and Doctor, with your Robes.
Let's dispatch him for God's sake. *Sub*. 'Twill be long.

Fac. I warrant you, take but the Cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and I think the angry Boy, the Heir,
That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the Widow? *Fac.* No,
Not that I see. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.

S C E N E. IV.

Face, Dapper, Drugger, Kastril.

Fac. The Doctor is within moving for you;
(I have had the most ado to win him to it)
He swears you'll be the dearling of the Dice:
He never heard her Highness dote till now (he says)
Your Aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words
That can be thought on. *Dap.* Shall I see her Grace?

Fac. See her, and kiss her too. What, honest *Nab*!
Ha'st brought the Damask? *Nab.* No, Sir, here's
Tobacco.

Fac. 'Tis well done, *Nab*: Thou'lt bring the Da-
mask too?

Dru. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captain, Master
Kastril,

I have brought to see the Doctor.

Fac. Where's the Widow?

Dru. Sir, as he likes, his Sister (he says) shall come.

Fac. O, is it so? Good time. Is your Name *Kastril*,
Sir?

Kas. I, and the best of the *Kastrils*, I'd be sorry
elle,

By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the Doctor?

My mad Tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one

That can do things. Has he any Skill? *Fac.* Where-
in, Sir?

Kas. To carry a business, manage a Quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms. *Fac.* It seems, Sir, yo' are but young
About the Town, that can make that a Question

Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some Speech
Of the angry Boys, and seen 'em take Tobacco;
And in his Shop: And I can take it too.

And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise i'the Country. *Fac.* Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair: and shew you
An Instrument he has of his own making,

Where-

Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
Of any Quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of Safety it lies in, or Mortality.

And how it may be born, whether in a *Right Line*,
Or a *Half Circle*; or may else be cast
Into an *Angle blunt*, if not *acute*:

All this he will demonstrate. And then, Rules
To give and take the Lie by. *Kaf.* How? to take it?

Fac. Yes, in *Oblique* he'll shew you, or in *Circle*
But never in *Diameter*. The whole Town

Study his *Theorems*, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating *Academies*. *Kaf.* But does he teach
Living by the Wits too? *Fac.* Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that Subtilty but he reads it.

He made me a Captain. I was a stark Pimp,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him:
It i' not two Months since. I'll tell you his Method:
First, he will enter you at some Ordinary.

Kaf. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

Fac. For why, Sir?

Kaf. There's gaming there, and Tricks.

Fac. Why, would you be

A Gallant, and not game? *Kaf.* I, 'twill spend a Man.

Fac. Spend you? It will repair you when you are
spent.

How do they live by their Wits there, that have vented
Six times your Fortunes?

Kaf. What, three thousand a year!

Fac. I, forty thousand.

Kaf. Are there such? *Fac.* I, Sir.

And Gallants yet. Here's a young Gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty Marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a *flye* o' the Doctor. He will win you
By unresistable luck, within this Fortnight,
Enough to buy a *Barony*. They will set him
Upmost at the Groom-Porters all the *Christmas*!
And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is Play, present him with the Chair;
The best Attendance, the best Drink; sometimes

Two Glasses of *Canary*; and pay nothing;
 The purest Linen, and the sharpest Knife,
 The Partridge next his Trencher: and somewhere
 The dainty Bed, in private with the dainty.
 You shall ha' your Ordinaries bid for him,
 As Play-houses for a Poet; and the Master
 Pray him aloud to name what Dish he affects,
 Which must be butter'd Shrimps: and those that drink
 To no Mouth else, will drink to his, as being
 The goodly *president* Mouth of all the Board.

Kas. Do you not gull one?

Fac. 'Od's my life! Do you think it?
 You shall have a cast Commander, (can but get
 In credit with a Glover, or a Spurrier,
 For some two pair of either's Ware, aforehand)
 Will, by most swift Posts dealing with him,
 Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
 His Punk, and naked Boy, in excellent fashion,
 And be admir'd for't. *Kas.* Will the Doctor teach
 this?

Fac. He will do more, Sir, when your Land is gone.
 (As Men of Spirit hate to keep Earth long)
 In a Vacation, when small Money is stirring,
 And Ordinaries suspended till the Term,
 He'll shew a Perspective, where on one side
 You shall behold the Faces and the Persons
 Of all sufficient young Heirs in Town,
 Whose Bonds are currant for Commodity;
 On th' other side, the Merchants Forms, and others,
 That without help of any second Broker,
 (Who would expect a Share) will trust such Parcels.
 In the third Square, the very Street, and Sign
 Where the Commodity dwells, and does but wait
 To be deliver'd, be it Pepper, Sope,
 Hops, or Tobacco, Oat-meal, Woad, or Cheeses.
 All which you may so handle, to enjoy
 To your own use, and never stand oblig'd.

Kas. I'faith! Is he such a Fellow?

Fac. Why, *Nab* here knows him.
 And then for making Matches for rich Widows,
 Young Gentlewomen, Heirs, the fortunat'st Man!

He's

He's sent to, far and near, all over *England*,
To have his Counsel, and to know their Fortunes.

Kas. Gods will, my Suster shall see him.

Fac. I'll tell you, Sir,

What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a strange thing!
(By the way, you must eat no Cheese, *Nab*, it breeds
Melancholy:

And that same Melancholy breeds Worms) but pass it,
He told me, honest *Nab*, here was ne'er at Tavern
But once in's life! *Dru.* Truth, and no more I was not.

Fac. And then he was so sick——

Dru. Could he tell you that too?

Fac. How should I know it?

Dru. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat Ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my Stomach——

Fac. And he has no Head

To bear any Wine; for what with the Noise o' the
Fidlers,

And care of his Shop, for he dares keep no Ser-
vants ——

Dru. My Head did so ake——

Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good *Old Wo-*
man——

Dru. (Yes, faith, she dwells in *Sea-coal-lane*) did
cure me,

With sodden Ale, and Pellitory o' the Wall:
Cost me but Two-pence. I had another Sicknes
Was worse than that. *Fac.* I, that was the Grief
Thou took'st for being sels'd at Eighteen-pence,
For the Water-work. *Dru.* In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my Life. *Fac.* Thy Hair went
off?

Dru. Yes, 'twas done for spight.

Fac. Nay, so says the Doctor.

Kas. Pray thee, Tobacco-boy, go fetch my Suster,
I'll see this learned Boy before I go:
And so shall she. *Fac.* Sir, he is busie now:
But if you have a Sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own Pains may command her sooner;

And he by that time will be free. *Kaf.* I go.

Fac. *Druger*, she's thine : the *Damask*. (*Subtle* and I
Must wrastle for her.) Come on, Master *Dapper*.

You see how I turn Clients here away,
To give your Cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'
The Ceremonies were enjoyn'd you ?

Dap. Yes, o' the Vinegar,
And the clean Shirt.

Fac. 'Tis well : that Shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your Aunt's afire,
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight on you.
Ha' you provided for her Grace's Servants ?

Dap. Yes, here are six score *Edward* Shillings.

Fac. Good.

Dap. And an old *Harry's* Sovereign. *Fac.* Very
good.

Dap. And three *James* Shillings, and an *Elizabeth*
Groat,

Just twenty Nobles. *Fac.* O, you are too just.
I would you had the other Noble in *Maries*.

Dap. I have some *Philip* and *Maries*. *Fac.* I those
same

Are best of all. Where are they ? Hark, the Doctor.

SCENE V.

Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.

Subtle *disguis'd like a Priest of Fairy.*

Sub. Is yet her Graces Cousin come ? *Fac.* He is
come.

Sub. And is he fasting ? *Fac.* Yes.

Sub. And hath cry'd *Hum* ?

Fac. Thrice, you must answer. *Dap.* Thrice.

Sub. And as oft *Buz* ?

Fac. If you have, say. *Dap.* I have. *Sub.* Then,
to her Cuz,

Hoping that he hath Vinegar'd his Senses,
As he was bid, the *Fairy Queen* dispenses,
By me, this Robe, the Petticoat of *Fortune* ;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to *Fortune* near be her Petticoat,
Yet ne arer is her Smock, the Queen doth note :

And

And therefore, even of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a Scarf he now will wear it
(With as much Love as then her Grace did tear it)
About his Eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[*They blind him with a Rag.*]

And, trusting unto her to make his State,
He'll throw away all worldly Pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

Fac. She need not doubt him, Sir. Alas, he has
nothing,

But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her Graces word (Throw away your Purse.)
As she would ask it: (Handkerchiefs and all)
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
(If you have a Ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver Seal at your Wrist; her Grace will send
Her Fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her Highness. If they find
That you conceal a Mite, you are undone.)

[*He throws away, as they bid him.*]

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Fac. All what? *Dap.* My Money, truly.

Fac. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
(Bid *Dol* play Musick.) Look, the *Elves* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

[*Dol enters with a Cittern; they pinch him.*]

Dap. O, I have a Paper with a Spur-ryal in't.

Fac. Ti, ti.

They knew't, they say. *Sub.* Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more
yet.

Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the t'other Pocket?

Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.

They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they say.

Dap. O, o.

Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her Graces Nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.
Deal plainly, Sir, and shame the Fairies. Shew
You are an Innocent.

Dap. By this good Light, I ha' nothing.

Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, she says.

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the Light when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good Dark, I ha' nothing but a Half-Crown

Of Gold, about my Wrist, that my Love gave me;
And a Leaden Heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

Fac. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur Your Aunts displeasure for these Trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty Half-crowns. You may wear your Leaden Heart still. How now?

Sub. What News, *Dol*?

Dol. Yonder's your Knight, Sir *Mammon*.

Fac. Gods lid, we never thought of him till now. Where is he? *Dol.* Here hard by. H's at the Door.

Sub. And you are not ready now? *Dol.* Get his Suit. He must be sent back. *Fac.* O, by no means. What shall we do with this same Puffing here, Now he's o' the Spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back a while,
With some Device. *Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her Grace speak with me?

I come. Help, *Dol*! *Fac.* Who's there? Sir *Epicure*,
[He speaks through the Key-hole, the other knocking.
My Master's i' the way. Please you to walk
Three or four Turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol.* *Sub.* Her Grace
Commends her kindly to you, Master *Dapper*.

Dap. I long to see her Grace. *Sub.* She now is set
At Dinner in her Bed, and has sent you
From her own private Trencher, a dead Mouse,
And a piece of Gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And stay your Stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)
It would be better for you. *Fac.* Sir, he shall
Hold out, and 'twere this two Hours, for her *Higness*;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we ha' done — *Sub.* He must not see, nor speak
To any body, till then. *Fac.* For that we'll put, Sir,
A Stay in's Mouth. *Sub.* Of what? *Fac.* Of Ginger-
bread.

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her Grace

Thus

Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.

Gape Sir, and let him fit you. *Sub.* Where shall we now Bestow him? *Dol.* I' the Privy. *Sub.* Come along, Sir, I now must shew you *Fortune's* Privy Lodgings.

Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his Bath ready? *Sub.* All. Only the Fumigation's somewhat strong.

Fac. Sir *Epicure*, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Face, Mammon, Dol.

O Sir, yo' are come i' the only finest time? —
Mam. Where's Master?

Fac. Now preparing for Projection, Sir.
Your Stuff will b' all chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into Gold?

Fac. To Gold and Silver, Sir. *Mam.* Silver I care not for,

Fac. Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.

Mam. Where's the Lady?

Fac. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things o' you,

Touching your Bounty, and your noble Spirit —

Mam. Hast thou?

Fac. As she is almost in her Fit to see you.

But, good Sir, no *Divinity* i' your Conference,
For fear of putting her in rage — *Mam.* I warrant thee.

Fac. Six Men will not hold her down. And then
If the old Man should hear or see you — *Mam.* Fear not.

Fac. The very House, Sir, would run mad. You know it,

How scrupulous he is, and violent,

'Gainst the least act of Sin. *Physick*, or *Mathematicks*,
Poetry, *State*, or *Bawd'ry* (as I told you)

She will endure, and never startle: But

No word of Controversie. *Mam.* I am school'd, good

ULEN.

Fac. And you must praise her House, remember that,
And

And her Nobility. *Mam.* Let me alone:

No *Herald*, nor no *Antiquary*, *Lungs*,

Shall do it better. *Go.* *Fac.* Why, this is yet

A kind of modern Happiness, to have

Dol Common for a great Lady. *Mam.* Now, *Epicure*,

Heighten thy self, talk to her, all in Gold;

Rain her as many Showers as *Jove* did Drops

Unto his *Danae*: Shew the *God* a Miser,

Compar'd with *Mammon*. What the *Stone* will do't.

She shall feel Gold, taste Gold, hear Gold, sleep Gold:

Nay, we will *concumbers* Gold. I will be puissant,

And mighty in my talk to her. Here she comes.

Fac. To him, *Dol*, suckle him. This is the noble Knight,

I told your Ladyship — *Mam.* Madam, with your pardon,

I kiss your Vesture. *Dol.* Sir, I were uncivil

If I would suffer that; my Lip to you, Sir.

Mam. I hope my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady.

Dol. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.

Fac. (Well said, my *Guiny*-bird.)

Mam. Right noble Madam —

Fac. (O, we shall have most fierce Idolatry.)

Mam. 'Tis your Prerogative.

Dol. Rather your Courtesie.

Mam. Were there nought else t'enlarge your Vertues to me,

These Answers speak your Breeding, and your Blood.

Dol. Blood we boast none, Sir, a poor Barons Daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? Prophane not. Had your father

Slept all the happy remnant of my Life

After that Act, lien but there still, and panted,

H' had done enough to make himself, his Issue,

And his Posterity Noble. *Dol.* Sir, although

We may be said to want the Gilt and Trapings,

The Dress of Honour, yet we strive to keep

The Seeds and the Materials. *Mam.* I do see

The

The old Ingredient, Vertue, was not-lost,
Nor the Drug Money us'd to make your Compound.
There is a strange Nobility i' your Eye,
This Lip, that Chin! Methinks you do resemble
One o' the *Austriack* Princes. *Fac.* Very like,
Her Father was an *Irish* Costarmonger.

Mam. The House of *Valois* just had such a Nose,
And such a Forehead, yet the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boast. *Dol.* Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all these Princes. *Fac.* I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their Features.

Fac. I'll in, and laugh. *Mam.* A certain Touch,
or Air,
That sparkles a Divinity, beyond
An earthly Beauty! *Dol.* O, you play the Courtier.

Mam. Good Lady, gi' me leave —

Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir. *Mam.* To burn in this sweet Flame;
The *Phoenix* never knew a nobler Death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the Courtier, and destroy
What you would build. This Art, Sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole Faith in question. *Mam.* By my
Soul —

Dol. Nay Oaths are made o' the same air, Sir.

Mam. Nature
Never bestow'd upon Mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious Feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all Faces else.
Sweet Madam, le' me be particular —

Dol. Particular, Sir? I pray you, know your Distance.

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to ask
How you fair Graces pass the Hours? I see
Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the House of a rare Man,
An excellent Artist; but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, Sir; I study here the *Mathematicks*,
And *Distillation*. *Mam.* O, cry you pardon.
He's a Divine Instructor, can extract
The Souls of all things by his Art; call all
The Vertues, and the Miracles of the Sun,
Into a temperate Furnace; teach dull Nature:

What

What her own Forces are. A Man, the Emp'ror
Has courted, above *Kelley*; sent his Medals
And Chains, t' invite him.

Dol. I, and for his Physick, Sir ———

Mam. Above the Art of *Æsculapius*,
That drew the Envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. *Dol.* Troth, I am taken,
Sir.

Whole with these Studies, that contemplate Nature;

Mam. It is a noble Humour: But this Form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some course Mold,
A Cloyster had done well; but such a Feature
That might stand up the Glory of a Kingdom,
To live Recluse! is a meer *Solæcism*,
Though in a Nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my Lord your Brother will permit it!
You should spend half my Land first, were I he.
Does not this Diamant better on my Finger,
That i' the Quarry? *Dol.* Yes. *Mam.* Why, you are
like it.

You were created, Lady, for the Light!
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first Pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In Chains of Adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest Bands,
And take a Secret too. Here, by your Side,
Doth stand, this Hour, the happiest Man in *Europe*.

Dol. You are contented, Sir? *Mam.* Nay, in true
being,

The Envy of Princes, and the Fear of States.

Dol. Say you so, Sir *Epicure*!

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of Honour. I have cast mine Eye
Upon thy Form, and I will rear this Beauty
Above all Styles. *Dol.* You mean no Treason, Sir!

Mam. No, I will take away that Jealousie.
I am the Lord of the *Philosophers Stone*,
And thou the Lady. *Dol.* How, Sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the Master of the *Mastery*.
This day the good old Wretch here o' the House

Has

Has made it for us: Now he's at *Projection*.
Think there thy first Wish now; let me hear it:
And it shall rain into thy Lap, no Shower,
But Floods of Gold, whole Cataracts, a Deluge,
To get a Nation on thee. *Dol.* You are pleas'd, Sir,
To work on the Ambition of our Sex.

Mam. I'm pleas'd the Glory of her Sex should know,
This Nook, here, of the *Friers* is no Climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physick and Surgery, for the Constables Wife
Of some odd Hundred in *Essex*: but come forth,
And taste the Air of Palaces; eat, drink
The Toils of *Emp'ricks*, and their boasted Practice;
Tincture of Pearl, and Corral, Gold and Amber;
Be seen at Feasts and Triumphs; have it ask'd,
What Miracle she is? Set all the Eyes
Of Court a fire, like a Burning-glass,
And work 'em into Cinders, when the Jewels
Of twenty Stars adorn thee, and the Light
Strikes out the Stars; that when thy Name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our Love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in Story!

Thus will we have it. *Dol.* I could well consent, Sir.
But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will soon take notice, and both seise
You and your *Stane*, it being a Wealth unfit
For any private Subject. *Mam.* If he knew it.

Dol. Your self do boast it, Sir. *Mam.* To thee, my
Life.

Dol. O, but beware, Sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your Days in a loath'd Prison,
By speaking of it. *Mam.* 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my Girl, and live
In a Free State, where we will eat our Mullets,
Sous'd in High-Country Wines, sup Pheasants Eggs,
And have our Cockles, boil'd in Silver Shells,
Our Shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare Butter, made of Dolphins Milk,
Whose Cream does look like Opals; and with these
Delicate Meats set our selves high for Pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew

Our

Our Youth and Strength, with drinking the *Elixir*,
And so enjoy a Perpetuity
Of Life and Lust. And thou shalt ha' thy Wardrobe
Richer than *Natures*, still to change thy self,
And vary oftner, for thy Pride, than she,
Or *Art*, her wife and almost-equal Servant.

Fac. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you ev'ry word
Into the Laboratory. Some fitter place;
The Garden, or great Chamber above. How like you
her?

Mam. Excellent! *Lungs.* There's for thee.

Fac. But do you hear?

Good Sir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbins*.

Mam. We think not on 'em.

Fac. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle!*

S C E N E II.

Face, Subtle, Kasril, Dame, Pliant.

Fac. Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone? *Fac.* All's clear.

Sub. The Widow is come.

Fac. And your quarrelling Disciple?

Sub. I. *Fac.* I must to my Captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first.

Fac. So I meant. What is she?

A *Bony-bell*? *Sub.* I know not. *Fac.* We'll draw Lots,
You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else? *Fac.* O, for a Suit,
To fall now like a Curtain, flap. *Sub.* To th' Door,
Man.

Fac. You'll have the first Kifs, 'cause I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the Nostrils.

Fac. Who would you speak with?

Kas. Where's the Captain? *Fac.* Gone, Sir,
About some Business.

Kas. Gone? *Fac.* He'll return straight.
But Master Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful Boy, my *Terra Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Lane; make thy Approaches:
Welcome: I know thy Lust, and thy Desires,
And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,

Charge

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this Line;
Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrel. *Kas.* You lie.

Sub. How, Child of Wrath and Anger! the loud Lie?
For what, my sudden Boy? *Kas.* Nay, that look
you to,

I am afore-hand. *Sub.* O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick*! You must render *Causés*, Child,
Your first and second *Intentions*, know your *Canons*,
And your *Divisions*, *Moods*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,
Your *Predicaments*, *Substance*, and *Accident*,
Series extern and *intern*, with their *Causés*,
Efficient, *Material*, *Formal*, *Final*,

And ha' your *Elements* perfect — *Kas.* What is this!
The angry Tongue he talks in? — *Sub.* That *false Precept*
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter Quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their Wills. *Kas.* How must I do then, Sir?

Sub. I cry this Lady mercy: She should first
Have been saluted. I do call you Lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom Widow. [*He kisses her.*]

Kas. Is she, i' faith?

Sub. Yes, or my Art is an egregious Liar.

Kas. How know you?

Sub. By inspection on her Forehead,
And subtlety of her Lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a Judgment. 'Slight, she melts
[*He kisses her again.*]

Like a *Myrabolane*! Here is yet a Line,
In *Rivo Frontis*, tells me, he is no Knight.

Pli. What is he then, Sir? *Sub.* Let me see your
Hand.

O, your *Linea Fortuna* makes it plain;

And *Stella* here, in *Monte Veneris*:

But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.

He is a Soldier, or a Man of Art, Lady;

But shall have some great Honour shortly. *Pli.* Brother,

He's a rare Man, believe me! *Kas.* Hold your peace.

Here comes the t'other rare Man. 'Save you, *Captain*.

Fac. Good Master *Kastril*. Is this your Sister? *Kas.*

I, Sir.

Please

Please to kifs her, and be proud to know her?

Fac. I shall be proud to know you Lady. *Pli.*
Brother,

He calls me Lady too. *Kas.* I, peace. I heard it.

Fac. The *Count* is come.

Sub. Where is he? *Fac.* At the Door.

Sub. Why, you must entertain him. *Fac.* What'll
you do

With these the while?

Sub. Why, have 'em up, and shew 'em
Some fustian Book, or the dark Glasse. *Fac.* 'Fore God,
She is delicate Dab-chick! I must have her.

Sub. Must you? I, if your Fortune will, you must.
Come, Sir, the Captain will come to us presently:
I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonstrations*,
Where I'll shew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling; my whole Method
Drawn out in Tables; and my Instrument,
That hath the several Scales upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrel, at a Straws-breadth by Moon-light,
And, Lady, I'll have you look in a Glasse,
Some half an hour, but to clear your Eye-sight,
Against you see your Fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

SCENE III.

Face, Subtle, Surly.

Fac. Where are you, Doctor?

Sub. I'll come to you presently.

Fac. I will ha' this same Widow, now I ha' seen her,
On any Composition. *Sub.* What do you say?

Fac. Ha' you dispos'd of them? *Sub.* I ha' sent
'em up.

Fac. *Subtle*, in troth, I needs must have this Widow.

Sub. Is that the matter?

Fac. Nay, but hear me. *Sub.* Go to,
If you rebel once, *Dol* shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your Chance.

Fac. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive.
Thou art old, and canst not serve —

Sub. Who, cannot I?

'Slight,

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a—*Fac.* Nay,
But understand: I'll gi' you Composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee: What, sell my
Fortune?

'Tis better than my Birth-right. Do not murmur.
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*
Knows it directly. *Fac.* Well, Sir, I am silent.
Will you go help to fetch in *Don* in state?

Sub. I follow you, Sir; We must keep *Face* in awe,
Or he will over-look us like a Tyrant.
Brain of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don John*?

[*Surly like a Spaniard.*

Sur. *Sennores, beso las manos, a vuestras mercedes.*

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our *anos*.

Fac. Peace, *Subtle.* *Sub.* Stab me; I shall never
hold, man.

He looks in that deep Ruff, like a Head in a Platter,
Serv'd in by a short Cloke upon two Treffils.

Fac. Or, what do you say to a Collar of Brawn,
cut down

Beneath the Soufe, and wriggled with a Knife?

Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a *Spaniard*.

Fac. Perhaps some *Fleming*, or some *Hollander* got
him

In d' *Alva's* time; *Count Egmont's* Bastard. *Sub.* *Don*,
Your scurvy, yellow, *Madrid* Face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia.* *Sub.* He speaks out of a Fortification.
Pray God, he ha' no Squibs in those deep Sets.

Sur. *Por dios, Sennores, muy linda casa!*

Sub. What says he? *Fac.* Praises the House, I think
I know no more but's Action. *Sub.* Yes, the *Casa*,
My precious *Diego*, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall
Be cozen'd *Diego.* *Fac.* Cozen'd do you see?
My worthy *Danzel* cozen'd. *Sur.* *Entiendo.*

Sub. Do you intend it? So do we, dear *Don*.
Have you brought Pistolets, or Portagues,
My solemn *Don*? Dost thou feel any? *Fac.* Full.

[*He feels his Pockets.*

Sub. You shall be emptied, *Don*, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say. *Fac.* Milked, in troth, sweet *Don*.

Sub.

Sub. See all the Monsters; the great Lion of all, *Don.*

Sur. *Con licentia, se puede ver a est a Sennora ?*

Sub. What talks he now ?

Fac. O'the *Sennora.* *Sub.* O, *Don.*

That is the Lioness, which you shall see

Also, my *Don.* *Fac.* 'Slid, *Subtle*, how shall we do ?

Sub. For what ?

Fac. Why *Dol's* employ'd, you know. *Sub.* That's true.

'Fore Heaven, I know not : He must stay, that's all.

Fac. Stay ! That he must not by no means.

Sub. No ! Why ?

Fac. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll suspect it :
And then he will not pay, not half so well.

This is a travell'd Punk-master, and do's know

All the Delays; a notable hot Rascal,

And looks already rampant. *Sub.* 'Sdeath, and Mam-
mon

Must not be troubled. *Fac.* *Mammon* ! in no case.

Sub. What shall we do then ?

Fac. Think : you must be sudden;

Sur. *Entiendo, qua la Sennora es tan hermosa, que co-
dicio tan*

a ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.

Fac. *Mi vida* ? 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind of
the Widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to't ? ha ?

And tell her it is her Fortune ? All our Venture

Now lies upon't, It is but one Man more,

Which on's chance to have her : and beside

There is no Maidenhead to be fear'd or lost,

What dost thou think on't, *Subtle*.

Sub. Who, I, Why ?

Fac. The Credit of our House too is engag'd.

Sub. You made me an offer for my Share ere-while.

What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith ? *Fac.* O, by that Light

I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.

E'en take your Lot, obey your Chance, Sir; win her,
And wear her out for me.

Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then,

Fac. It is the *Cammon Cause*; therefore bethink you.
Dol.

Don. Dol else must know it, as you said. *Sub.* I care not.

Sur. *Sennores, por que se tarda tanta?*

Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

Fac. That's now no Reason, Sir.

Sur. *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*

Fac. You hear the *Don* too? By this Air, I call,
And loose the Hinges: *Dol. Sub.* A Plague of Hell—

Fac. Will you then do? *Sub.* Yo' are a terrible Rogue,
I'll think of this: Will you, Sir, call the Widow?

Fac. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her Faults,
Now I do think on't better. *Sub.* With all my heart, Sir;
Am I discharg'd o'the Lot? *Fac.* As you please.

Sub. Hands.

Fac. Remember now, that upon any Change,
You never claim her.

Sub. Much good Joy, and Health to you, Sir.
Marry a Whore? *Fate,* let me wed a Witch first.

Sur. *Por estas honrada's barbas*——

Sub. He swears by his Beard.

Dispatch, and call the Brother too.

Sur. *Tiengo, duda, Sennores,*

Que no me hogan alguna traycion.

Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *præsto Sennor.* Please you
Enthratha the *Chambrata*, worthy *Don*?

Where if you please the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
You shall be soak'd, and stroak'd, and rub'd, and rub'd,
And scrub'd, and fub'd, dear *Don*, before you go.

You shall in faith, my scurvy Baboon *Don*,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.

I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the Widow a Punck so much the sooner,

To be reveng'd on this impetuous *Face*:

The quickly doing of it, is the grace.

S C E N E IV.

Face, Kastril, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Surly.

Fac. Come, Lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her Fortune.

Kaf. To be a Countess, say you? A Spanish Countess, Sir?

Pli. Why, is that better than an English Countess?

Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a Question, Lady?

Kaf.

Kaf. Nay, she is a Fool, Captain, you must pardon her.

Fac. Ask from your Courtier, to your Inns-of-Court-man,

To your meer Millener? they will tell you all,
Your *Spanish* Gennet is the best Horse; your *Spanish*
Stoup is the best Garb; your *Spanish* Beard
Is the best Cut; your *Spanish* Ruffs are the best
Wear; your *Spanish* Pavin the best Dance;
Your *Spanish* Titillation in a Glove
The best Perfume. And for your *Spanish* Pike,
And *Spanish* Blade, let your poor Captain speak.
Here comes the Doctor. *Sub.* My most honour'd Lady,
(For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my *Scheme*, you are to undergo
An honourable Fortune, very shortly)
What will you say now, if some —

Fac. I had told her all, Sir;

And her right worshipful Brother here, that she shall be
A Countess; do not delay 'em, Sir: a *Spanish* Countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce worshipful Captain, you can keep
No Secret. Well, since he has told you, Madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kaf. She shall do that, Sir,
I'll look to't, 'tis my Charge:

Sub. Well then; Nought rests

But that she fit her Love now to her Fortune.

Pli. Truly I shall never brook a *Spaniard*. *Sub.* No?

Pli. Never sin' Eighty-eight could I abide 'em,
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;
Chuse which you will.

Fac. By this good Rush, persuade her;
She will cry Strawberries else, within this Twelve-month.

Sub. Nay, Shads and Mackarel, which is worse.

Fac. Indeed, Sir?

Kaf. God's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

Pli. Why?

I'll do as you will ha' me, Brother. *Kaf.* Do,
Or by this Hand I'll maul you. *Fac.* Nay, good Sir,
Be not so fierce. *Sub.* No, my enraged Child,
She will be rul'd. What, when she comes to taste

The

The Pleasures of a Countess! to be courted——

Fac. And kist, and ruffled! *Sub.* I, behind the Hangings.

Fac. And then come forth in Pomp!

Sub. And know her State!

Fac. Of keeping all th' Idolaters o' the Chamber Barer to her, than at their Prayers! *Sub.* Is serv'd Upon the Knee! *Fac.* And as her Pages, Ushers, Footmen, and Coaches——

Sub. Her six Mares—— *Fac.* Nay, eight!

Sub. To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange, Bet'lem, the China-house—— *Fac.* Yes, and have The Citizens gape at her, and praise her Tires! And my Lords Goose-turd Bands, that rides with her!

Kaf. Most brave! By this Hand, you are not my Sister, If you refuse. *Pli.* I will not refuse, Brother.

Sub. *Que es esto, Sennores, que non se venga? Esta tardanza me mata!* *Fac.* Is it the Count come? The Doctor knew he would be here, by his Art.

Sub. *Engallanta Madama; Don! gallantissima!*

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!*

Fac. Is't not a gallant Language that they speak?

Kaf. An admirable Language! Is't not French?

Fac. No, Spanish, Sir. *Kaf.* It goes like Law-French? And that, they say, is the Courtliest Language. *Fac.* Lift, Sir.

Sur. *El Sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el Resplandor, que trae esta dama. Valga me dios!*

Fac. He admires your Sister

Kaf. Must not she make Curt'sie?

Sub. 'Ods will, she must go to him, Man, and kifs him! It is the Spanish Fashion, for the Women

To make first Court. *Fac.* 'Tis true he tells you, Sir:

His Art knows all. *Sur.* *Por que no se acude?*

Kaf. He speaks to her, I think. *Fac.* That he does, Sir.

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

Kaf. Nay, see: she will not understand him! Gull

Noddy. *Pli.* What say you, Brother? *Kaf.* Afs, Sister, Go kufs him, as the cunning Man would ha' you,

I'll thrust a Pin i' your Buttocks else. *Fac.* O, no Sir, *Sur.*

*Sur. Sannora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta
Allegar a tanta Hermofura.*

Fac. Does he not use her bravely? *Kaf.* Bravely, i-
faith!

Fac. Nay, he will use her better. *Kaf.* Do you
think so?

Sur. Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.

Kaf. Where does he carry her?

Fac. Into the Garden, Sir;

Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give *Dol* the word. Come, my fierce Child,
advance,

We'll to our quarrelling Lesson again. *Kaf.* Agreed,
I love a *Spanish* Boy with all my Heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this means, Sir, you shall be Brother
To a great Count. *Kaf.* I, I knew that at first.
This Match will advance the House of the *Kastrils*.

Sub. 'Pray God your Sister prove but pliant.

Kaf. Why,

Her Name is so, by her other Husband. *Sub.* How!

Kaf. The Widow *Pliant*. Knew you not that?

Sub. No faith, Sir:

Yet, by erection of her Figure, I guess it.

Come, let's go practise. *Kaf.* Yes, but do you think,
Doctor,

I e'er shall quarrel well? *Sub.* I warrant you.

SCENE V.

Dol, Mammon, Face, Subtle.

Dol. For, after Alexanders Death---[In her fit of talking.
Mam. Good Lady---

Dol. That *Perdiccas* and *Antigonus* were slain,
The two that stood, *Seleuc*, and *Ptolmee*---

Mam. Madam. *Dol.* Made up the two Legs, and the
fourth Beast,

That was *Gog-north*, and *Egypt-south*: which after
Was call'd *Gog-Iron-leg*, and *South Iron-leg*--*Mam.* La--

Dol. And then *Gog-horned*. So was *Egypt*, too.
Then *Egypt clay-leg*, and *Gog clay-leg*---

Mam. Sweet Madam.

Dol. And last *Gog-dust*, and *Egypt-dust*, which fall

*In the last Link of the fourth Chain. And these
Be Stars in Story, which none see or look at——*

*Mam. What shall I do? Dol. For, as he says, except
We call the Rabbins, and the Heathen Greeks——*

*Mam. Dear Lady. Dol. To come from Salem, and from
Athens,*

And teach the People of great Britain

Fac. What's the matter, Sir?

*Dol. To speak the Tongue of Eber, and Javan——Mam. O,
She's in her fit. Dol. We shall know nothing——Fac. Death, Sir,
We are undone. Dol. Where then a learned Linguist
Shall see the ancient us'd communion*

Of Vowels and Consonants —— Fac. My Master will hear!

Dol. A Wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high——

*Mam. Sweet honourable Lady. Dol. To comprize
All sounds of Voyces, in few marks of Letters ——*

Fac. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

*Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud Skill,
And prophane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helens House against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his Habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the Force
Of King Abaddon, and the Beast of Cittim;
Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.*

*Fac. How did you put her into't? Mam. Alas, I talk'd
Of a fifth Monarchy I would erect, [They speak together.
With the Philosophers (by chance) and she
Falls on the other four straight. Fac. Out of Broughton
I told you so. 'Slid stop her Mouth. Mum. Is't best?*

*Fac. She'll never leave else. If the old Man hear her,
We are but fates, Ashes. Sub. What's to do there?*

Fac. O, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Mam. Where shall I hide me?

[Upon Subtle's entry they disperse.

Sub. How! what sight is here!

*Close deeds of Darkness, and that shun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? what, my Son!
O, I have liv'd too long. Mam. Nay good, dear Father,
There was no unchaste purpose. Sub. Not? and flee me
When I come in? Mam. That was my Error. Sub. Error?
Guilt, guilt, my Son. Give it the right name. No marvel,*

D

If

If I found cheek in our *great work* within,
When such affairs as these were managing!

Mam. Why, have you so?

Sub. It has stood still this half Hour:

And all the rest of our *less Works* gone back.

Where is the Instrument of Wickedness,

My lewd false Drudge? *Mam.* Nay, good Sir, blame not him.
Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.

I saw her by chance. *Sub.* Will you commit more sin,

T'excuse a Varlet? *Mam.* By my hope 'tis true, Sir.

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt Heaven:

And lose your Fortunes. *Mam.* Why Sir?

Sub. This 'll retard

The *work*, a Month at least. *Mam.* Why, if it do,

What remedy? but think it not, good Father:

Our Purposes were honest. *Sub.* As they were,

So the Reward will prove. How now! Ay me.

God, and all Saints be good to us. What's that?

[A great Crack and Noise within.

Fac. O Sir, we are defeated! all the *Works*

Are flown in *fumo*: every Glass is burst.

Fornace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of Thunder had been driven through the House.

Retorts, Receivers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,

All struck in shivers,! Help, good Sir! alas,

[*Subtle falls down as in a swoon.*

Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,

Do the fair offices of a Man! You stand,

As you were readier to depart than he.

Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come.

Mam. Ha, *Lungs*?

Fac. His Coach is at the Door. Avoid his sight,

For he's as furious as his Sister is mad. [One knocks.

Mam. Alas!

Fac. My Brain is quite undone with the fume, Sir.

I ne'er must hope to be mine own Man again.

Mam. Is all lost *Lungs*? Will nothing be preserv'd,

Of all our cost? *Fac.* Faith very little, Sir.

A Peck of Coals, or so, which is cold comfort, Sir.

Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.

Fac. And so am I, Sir.

Mam. Cast from all my Hopes——

Fac.

Fac. Nay, certainties, Sir.

Mam. By mine own base affections.

Sub. O, the curst Fruits of Vice and Lust!

[*Subtle seems to come to himself.*]

Mam. Good Father,

It was my Sin. Forgive it. *Sub.* Hangs my Roof

Over us still, and will not fall, O Justice,

Upon us, for this wicked Man! *Fac.* Nay, look, Sir,

You grieve him now with staying in his sight:

Good Sir, the noble Man will come too, and take you,

And that may breed a Tragedy. *Mam.* I'll go,

Fac. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,

For some good Penance you may ha't yet,

A hundred Pound to the Box at *Ber'lem*——*Mam.* Yes:

Fac. For the restoring such as ha' their Wits.

Mam. I'll do't

Fac. I'll send one to you to receive it. *Mam.* Do.

Is no projection left? *Fac.* All flown, or stinks, Sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd, that's good for Med'cine,
think'st thou?

Fac. I cannot tell, Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the scraping of the Shards,
Will cure the Itch, tho' not your itch of mind, Sir.
It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,
This way, for fear the Lord should meet you. *Sub. Face.*

Fac. I. *Sub.* Is he gone? *Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his Blood.

Let us be light though. *Sub.* I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our Heads against the Roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

Fac. Now to our *Don*.

Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a Countess, *Face:* Sh' has been in travail
Of a young Heir for you.

Fac. Good, Sir. *Sub.* Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom should,
After these common hazards, *Fac.* Very well, Sir.
Will you go fetch *Don Diego* off, the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, Sir,
Would *Dol* were in her Place, to pick his Pockets now.

Fac. Why, you can do it as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your Vertue. *Sub.* For your sake, Sir.

SCENE VI.

Surly, Da. Pliant, Subtle, Face.

Sur. Lady, you see into what Hands you are faln;
 'Mongst what a nest of Villains! and how near
 Your Honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap
 (Thro' your credulity) had I but been
 So punctually forward, as place, time,
 And other Circumstances would ha' made a Man:
 For yo'are a handsome Woman, would you were wise too.
 I am a Gentleman come here disguis'd,
 Only to find the Knaveries of this *Citadel*,
 And where I might ha' wrong'd your honour, and ha' not,
 I claim some Interest in your Love. You are,
 They say, a widow, rich: and I am a Batchellor,
 Worth nought: your Fortunes may make me a Man,
 As mine ha' preserv'd you a Woman. Think upon it,
 And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pl. I will, Sir.

Sur. And for these Household-rogues, let me alone,
 To treat with them.

Sub. How doth my noble *Diego*?
 And my dear Madam *Countess*? Hath the Count
 Been courteous, Lady? liberal? and open?
Donsel, methinks you look melancholick,
 After your *coitum*, and scurvy! True-ly,
 I do not like the dullness of your Eye,
 It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsee-Dutch*,
 And says you are a lumpish Whore-master.
 Be lighter, I will make your Pockets so.

[He falls to picking of them.]

Sur. Will you, *Don Bawd*, and pick-purse? How
 now! Reel you?

Stand up Sir, you shall find since I am so heavy,
 I'll gi' you equal weight. *Sub.* Help, murder!

Sur. No, Sir. There's no such thing intended. A good
 Cart,

And a clean Whip shall ease you of that fear.
 I am the *Spanish Don*, that should be cozened.
 Do you see? cozened? where's your Captain *Face*?
 That Parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all Raskal.

Fac. How, *Surly*! *Sur.* O, make your approach, good
 Captain.

I have found from whence your Copper Rings and
Spoons

Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in Taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t'anoint your Boot with Brimstone,
Then rub Mens Gold on't, for a kind of Touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the Colour,
That you might ha't for nothing. And this Doctor,
Your footy, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much Gold, in a Bolts-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another
With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i' the heat,
And fly out all in *fumo*? Then weeps *Mammon*:
Then swoons his Worship. Or, he is the *Faustus*,
That casteth Figures, and can Conjure, cures
Plagues, Piles, and Pox, by the *Ephemerides*,
And holds Intelligence with all the Bawds,
And Midwives of three Shires? while you send in—
Captain, (what is he gone?) Dam'sels with Child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting Maid
With the Green Sickness? Nay, Sir, you must tarry
Tho' he be scap'd; and answer, by the Ears, Sir.

SCENE III.

*Face, Kasril, Surly, Subtle, Drugger, Ananias, Dame,
Pliant, Dol.*

Fac. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they say) and be a true-born Child.
The Doctor, and your Sister both are abus'd.

Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a Slave
What e'er he is, and the Son of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? *Sur.* I should be loth, Sir,
To confes so much. *Kas.* Then you lie i' your Throat?

Sur. How?

Fac. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another Conjurer,
That does not love the Doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how—*Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd. *Kas.* You lye:
And 'tis no matter. *Fac.* Well said, Sir. He is
The impudent'st Raskal—

Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, Sir?

Fac. By no means: Bid him be gone. *Kas.* Be gone,
Sir, quickly.

Sur. This's strange! Lady, do you inform your Brother.

Fac. There is not such a foist in all the Town,
The Doctor had him presently : and finds yet,
The *Spanish Count* will come here. Bear up, *Subtle*.

Sub. Yes, Sir, he must appear within this hour.

Fac. And yet this Rogue will come in a disguise,
By the Temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, tho he could not hurt it. *Kas.* I,
I know—Away, you talk like a foolish Mauther.

Sur. Sir, all is truth, she says. *Fac.* Do not believe him, Sir.

He is the lying'st Swabber ! Come your ways, Sir,

Sur. You are valiant out of Company. *Kas.* Yes,
How then, Sir ?

Fac. Nay, here's an honest Fellow too, that knows him,
And all his Tricks. (Make good what I say, *Abel*)
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the Widow.
He owes this honest *Drugger*, here, seven Pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *Tobacco*.

Dru. Yes, Sir. And he has damn'd himself three
Terms to pay me.

Fac. And what does he owe for *Lotium* ? *Dr.* Thirty
Shillings, Sir.

And for six *Syringes*. *Sur.* *Hydra of Villany* !

Fac. Nay, Sir, you must quarrel him out o' the House.

Kas. I will.—Sir, if you get not out o' Doors, you lye :
And you are a Pimp. *Sur.* Why, this is Madness, Sir,
Not Valor in you : I must laugh at this.

Kas. It is my Humour : you are a Pimp, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixot*.

Dru. Or a Knight o' the *curious Coxcomb*. Do you see ?

Ana. Peace to the Household. *Kas.* I'll keep Peace
for no Man.

Ana. Casting of Dollers is concluded lawful.

Kas. Is he the Constable ? *Sub.* Peace, *Ananias*. *Fac.*
No, Sir.

Kas. Then you are an Otter, and a Shad, a Whit,
A very Tim. *Sur.* You'll hear me, Sir ? *Kas.* I will not.

Ana. What is the Motive ? *Sub.* Zeal in the young
Gentleman,

Against his *Spanish Slops*—*Ana.* They are Prophane,
Lewd, Superstitious, and Idolatrous Breeches.

Sur. New Raskals ! *Kas.* Will you be gone. Sir ?

Ana. Avoid Satan.

Thou

Thou art not of the Light. That Ruff of Pride,
About thy Neck, betrays thee: 'and is the same
With that which the unclean Birds, in *seventy-seven*,
Were seen to prank it with, on divers Coasts.
Thou look'st like *Anti-christ*, in the lewd Hat.

Sur. I must give way. *Kas.* Be gone, Sir. *Sur.* But I'll
take

A course with you—*Ana.* Depart, proud *Spanish* Fiend.

Sur. Captain, and Doctor—*Ana.* Child of Perdition.

Kas. Hence, Sir.

Did I not quarrel bravely? *Fac.* Yes, indeed, Sir.

Kas. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

Fac. O, you must follow, Sir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again else. *Kas.* I'll return him then.

Fac. *Drugger*, this Rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determin'd that thou should'st ha' come,
In a *Spanish* Suit, and ha' carry'd her so; and he
A brokerly Slave, goes, puts it on himself.

Hast' brought the Damask? *Drw.* Yes, Sir. *Fac.* Thou
must borrow

A *Spanish* Suit. Hast thou no credit with the Players?

Drw. Yes, Sir: did you never see me play the Fool?

Fac. I know not, *Nab*: thou shalt, if I can help it.
Hieronomy's old Cloak, Ruff, and Hat will serve,
[*Subtle* hath whispered with him this while.

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em. *Ana.* Sir,
I know

The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies
Upon their Actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple. But the holy Synod
Have been in Prayer, and Meditation for it.
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of Money is most lawful. *Sub.* True:

But here I cannot do it; if the House
Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the *Tower* for ever,
To make Gold there (for th' State) never come out:
And then are you defeated. *Ana.* I will tell

This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole Company of the *Separation*
May join in humble Prayer again. (*Sub.* And Fasting)

Ana. Yea, for some fitter Place. The Peace of Mind

Rest with these Walls. *Sub.* Thanks, courteous *Ananias*.

Fac. What did he come for? *Sub.* About casting Dollers,

Presently out of hand. And so I told him,

A *Spanish* Minister came here to Spie,

Against the faithful—*Fac.* I conceive. Come *Subtle*,
Thou art so down upon the least Disaster!

How wouldst tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?

Sub. I thank thee, *Face*, for the angry Boy, i-faith.

Fac. Who would ha' lookt it should ha' been that Raskal

Surly? He had dy'd his Beard and all. Well, Sir,
Here's Damask come to make you a Suit. *Sur.*
Where's *Drugger*?

Fac. He's gone to borrow me a *Spanish* Habit;
I'll be the *Count*, now. *Sub.* But where's the Widow?

Fac. Within, with my Lord's Sister: Madam *Dol*
Is entertaining her. *Sub.* By your favour, *Face*,
Now she is honest I will stand again.

Fac. You will not offer it? *Sur.* Why? *Fac.* Stand
to your Word

Or—here comes *Dol*. She knows—*Sub.* Yo'are
tyrannous still.

Fac. Strict for my Right, How now, *Dol*? Haft'told
her,

The *Spanish Count* will come? *Dol.* Yes, but another
is come,

You little look'd for! *Fac.* Who's that? *Dol.* Your
Master: (lies,

The Master of the House; *Sub.* How, *Dol.* *Fac.* She
This is some Trick. Come, leave your Quibblins, *De-
rorhee*.

Dol. Look out and see. *Sub.* Art thou in earnest?

Dol. 'Slight.

Forty o' the Neighbours are about him, talking.

Fac. 'Tis he, by this good Day. *Dol.* 'Twill prove
ill Day.

For some on us. *Fac.* We are undone, and taken.

Dol. Lost, I'm afraid. *Sub.* You said he would not
come,

While there died one a Week, within the Liberties.

Fac. No: 'twas within the Walls. *Sub.* Was't so?
' Cry you mercy. I

I thought the Liberties. What shall we do now, *Fac.*

Fac. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
Of *Jeremy*, the Butler. I'the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the Goods, and purchase,
That we can carry i'the two Trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to Day, if I cannot longer: and then
At Night, I'll ship you both away to *Ratcliff*,
Where we'll meet to Morrow, and there we'll share.
Let *Mammon's* Brass and Pewter keep the Cellar:
We'll have another time for that. But, *Dol*,
'Pr'y thee go heat a little Water quickly,
Subtle must shave me. All my Captains Beard
Must off, to make me appear smooth *Jeremy*.
You'll do't? *Sub.* Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.
Fac. And not cut my Throat, but trim me? *Sub.* You
shall see, Sir.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Love-Wit, Neighbours.

Lov. **H**AS there been such resort, say you? *Nei. 1.*
Daily, Sir.

Nei. 2. And Nightly, too. *Nei. 3.* I, some as brave
as Lords.

Nei. 4. Ladies, and Gentlewomen. *Nei. 5.* Citi-
zens Wives.

Nei. 1. And Knights. *Nei. 6.* In Coaches.

Nei. 2. Yes, and Oyfter-women.

Nei. 1. Beside other Gallants. *Nei. 3.* Sailors Wives.

Nei. 4. Tobacco-men. *Nei. 5.* Another *Pimlico*!

Lov. What should my Knave advance,
To draw this Company? He hung out no Banners
Of a strange Calf, with five Legs, to be seen?
Or a huge Lobster, with six Claws? *Nei. 6.* No, Sir.
Nei. 3. We had gone in then, Sir. *Lov.* He has no Gift
Of teaching i'the Nose, that e'er I knew of.
You saw no Bills set up that promis'd Cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? *Nei. 2.* No such thing, Sir.

Lov. Nor heard a Drum strook, for Baboons, or
Puppets?

Nei. 5. Neither, Sir.

Lov. What Device should he bring forth now?
 I love a teeming Wit as I love my Nourishment:
 'Pray God he ha' not kept such open House,
 That he hath sold my Hangings, and my Bedding:
 I left him nothing else: If he have eat 'em,
 A Plague o' the Mouth, say I: Sure he has got
 Some bawdy Pictures, to call this ging;
 The Frier, and the Nun; or the new *Motion*
 Of the Knights Courses, covering the Parsons Mare;
 The Boy of six Year old, with the great Thing:
 Or't may be, he has the Fleas that run at Tilt,
 Upon a Table, or some Dog to dance?

When saw you him? *Nei.* 1. Who, Sir, *Jeremy?*

Nei. 2. *Jeremy* Butler?

We saw him not this Month. *Lov.* How!

Nei. 4. Not these five Weeks, Sir.

Nei. 6. These six Weeks, at the least.

Lov. Yo' amaze me, Neighbours!

Nei. 5. Sure, if your Worship know not where he is,
 He's slipt away. *Nei.* 6. Pray God, he be not made
 away. [He knocks.

Lov. Ha? It's no time to question, then, *Nei.* 6.
 About

Some three Weeks since, I heard a doleful Cry,
 As I fate up, a mending my Wives Stockings.

Lov. This's strange! that none will answer!
 Didst thou hear

A Cry, saist thou? *Nei.* 6. Yes, Sir, like unto a Man
 That had been strangled an Hour, and could not speak.

Nei. 2. I heard it too, just this Day three Weeks, at
 Two o' Clock

Next Morning. *Lov.* These be Miracles, or you make
 'em so?

A Man an Hour strangled, and could not speak,
 And both you heard him cry? *Nei.* 3. Yes, downward,
 Sir.

Lov. Thou art a wise Fellow: Give me thy Hand I
 pray thee.

What Trade art thou on?

Nei. 3. A Smith, an't please your Worship.

Lov. A Smith? Then lend me thy help to get this
 Door open. *Nei.*

Nei. 3. That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my Tools—

Nei. 1. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

SCENE II.

Love-wit, Face, Neighbour.

Lov. I will. *Fac.* What mean you, Sir? *Nei.* 1, 2, 4.

O, here's *Jeremy*!

Fac. Good Sir, come from the Door.

Lov. Why! what's the matter?

Fac. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

Lov. I' the name of Wonder! What means the Fellow?

Fac. The House, Sir, has been visited. (*ther.*

Lov. What? with the Plague? stand thou then far-

Fac. No, Sir, I had it not. *Lov.* Who had it then? I left None else, but thee, i' the House! *Fac.* Yes, Sir, my Fellow,

The Cat, that kept the Buttery, had it on her A Week before I spied it: but I got her Convey'd away, i' the Night. And so I shut The House up for a Month—

Lov. How! *Fac.* Purposing then, Sir, T'have burnt Rose-vinegar, Treacle, and Tar, And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it; Because I knew the News would but afflict you, Sir.

Lov. Breathe less, and farther off. Why this is stranger!

The Neighbours tell me all, here, that the Doors Have still been open—*Fac.* How, Sir!

Lov. Gallants, Men, and Women, And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here In threaves, these ten Weeks, as to a second *Hogs-den*, In Days of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*! *Fac.* Sir, Their Wisdoms will not say so! *Lov.* To Day, they speak Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French-hood*, Went in, they tell me: and another was seen In a Velvet Gown at the Window! divers more Pass in and out! *Fac.* They did pass thro' the Doors then, Or Walls, I assure their Eye-sights, and their Spectacles; For here, Sir, are the Keys: and here have been, In this my Pocket, now above twenty Days! And for before, I kept the Fort alone there. But that 'tis yet not deep i' the Afternoon,

I should believe my Neighbours had seen double
Thro' the black-pot, and made these Apparitions!
For, on my Faith to your Worship, for these 3 Weeks,
And upwards, the Door has not been open'd. *Lov.* strange!

Nei. Good faith, I think I saw a Coach! *Nei.* 2. And
I too,

I'd ha' been sworn! *Lov.* Do you but think it now?
And but one Coach? *Nei.* 4. We cannot tell, Sir: *Jeremy*
Is a very honest Fellow. *Fac.* Did you see me at all?

Nei. 1. No; that we are sure on. *Nei.* 2. I'll be sworn
o' that.

Lov. Fine Rogues to have your Testimonies built on!

Nei. 3. Is *Jeremy* come? *Nei.* 1. O, yes. you may
leave your Tools,

We were deceiv'd, he says. *Nei.* 2. He has had the Keys:
And the Door has been shut these three Weeks. *Nei.* Like
enough.

Lov. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings. *Fac.*
Surly come!

And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How shall I beat them off? What shall I do!)
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty Conscience.

SCENE IV.

Surly, Mammon, Love-wit, Face, Neighbours, Kastril,
Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper, Subtle.

Sur. No, Sir, he was a great Physician. This,
It was no Bawdy-house: but a meer *Chancel*.
You knew the Lord, and his Sister. *Mam.* Nay, good *Surly*—
Sur. The happy Word, *Be Rich*—*Mam.* Play not the Tyran—

Sur. Should be to day pronounc'd to all your Friends,
And where be your Andirons now? and your brass Pots,
That should ha' been golden Flaggons, and great Wedge?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they ha' shut their
Doors,

Me-thinks! *Sur.* I, now 'tis Holy-day with them.

Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, Impostors, Bawds. *Fac.* What mean you,
Sir? [*Mammon and Surly knock.*]

Mam. To enter if we can. *Fac.* Another Man's
House?

Here is the Owner, Sir. Turn you to him,

And

And speak your Business. *Mam.* Are you, Sir, the Owner?

Lov. Yes, Sir.

Mam. And are those Knaves within your Cheaters?

Lov. What Knaves? what Cheaters? *Mam.* Subtle, and his Lungs.

Fac. The Gentleman is distracted, Sir! No Lungs, Nor Lights ha' been seen here these three Weeks, Sir, Within these Doors, upon my Word! *Sur.* Your Word, Groom arrogant? *Fac.* Yes, Sir, I am the House-keeper, And know the Keys ha' not been out o' my Hands.

Sur. This's a new Face.

Fac. You do mistake the House, Sir!

What Sign was't at? *Sur.* You Raskal! This is one O' the Confederacy. Come, let's get Officers, And force the Door. *Lov.* 'Pray you stay, Gentlemen.

Sur. No, Sir, we'll come with warrant.

Mam. I, and then

We shall ha' your Doors open. *Lov.* What means this?

Fac. I cannot tell, Sir.

Nei. 1. These are two o' the Gallants,

That we do think we saw. *Fac.* Two of the Fools?

You talk as idly as they. Good-faith, Sir,

I think the Moon has cras'd 'em all! (O me,

The angry Boy come too? He'll make a noise,

And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.)

Kaf. What Rogues, Bawds, Slaves, you'll open the Door anon, [Kastril knocks.

Punk, Cocatrice, my Suster. By this light

I'll fetch the Marshal to you. You are a Whore,

To keep your Castle——

Fac. Who would you speak with, Sir?

Kaf. The Bawdy Doctor, and the Cozening Captain, And Pus my Suster. *Lov.* This is something, sure!

Fac. Upon my trust, the Doors were never open, Sir.

Kaf. I have heard all their Tricks told me twice over, By the fat Knight, and the lean Gentleman.

Lov. Here comes another. *Fac.* Ananias too?

And his Pastor? *Tri.* The Doors are shut against us.

[They beat too at the Door.

Ana. Come forth, you Seed of Sulphur, Sons of Fire, Your stench is broke forth: Abomination

Is in the House. *Kaf.* I, my Suster's there. *Ana.* The Place,

It is become a Cage of unclean Birds.

Kaf. Yes, I will fetch the Scavenger, and the Constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out.

Kaf. You will not come then? Punk, device my Sister!

Ana. Call her not Sister. She's a Harlot, verily.

Kaf. I'll raise the Street.

Lov. Good Gentlemen, a Word.

Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our Zeal.

Lov. The World's turn'd *Bet'lem*.

Fac. These are all broke loose,

Out of *St. Kather'nes*, where they use to keep

The better sort of Mad-folks. *Nei.* 1. All these Persons

We saw go in and out here. *Nei.* 2. Yes, indeed, Sir.

Nei. 3. These were the Parties. *Fac.* Peace, you
- Drunkards, Sir,

I wonder at it! Please you to give me leave

To touch the Door, I'll try an' the Lock be chang'd.

Lov. It mazes me! *Fac.* Good faith, Sir, I believe
There's no such thing: 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.

Would I could get him away. [*Dapper cries out within.*]

Dap. Master Captain, Master Doctor. *Lov.* Who's that?

Fac. (Our Clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, Sir.

Dap. For God's sake, when will her Grace be at leisure?

Fac. Ha!

Illusions, some Spirit o' the Air: (his Gag is melted,

And now he sets out the Throat.) *Dap.* I'm almost stifled--

Fac. (Would you were altogether.)

Lov. 'Tis i' the House.

Ha! Lift. *Fac.* Believe it, Sir, i' the Air!

Lov. Peace, you—

Dap. Mine Aunts *Grace* does not use me well.

Sub. You Fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

Fac. Or you will else, you Rogue.

Lov. O, is it so? Then you converse with Spirits?

Come Sir. No more o' your Tricks, good *Jeremy*,

The truth, the shortest way. *Fac.* Dismiss this Rabble, Sir.

What shall I do? I am catch'd.

Lov. Good Neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. Come, Sir.
You know that I am an indulgent Master :
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your Med'cine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild Fowl ?

Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect Mirth and Wit :
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the Street.)

Give me but leave to make the best of my Fortune,
And only pardon me th' Abuse of your House :

It's all I beg. I'll help you to a Widow,
In recompence, that you shall give me Thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spanish* Cloak.

I have her within. You need not fear the House,
It was not visited. *Lov.* But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected. *Fac.* It is true, Sir.
'Pray you forgive me.

Lov. Let's see your Widow.

S C E N E VI.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.

Sub. How ! ha' you eaten your Gag ?

Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled

Away i' my Mouth.

Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then. *Dap.* No,
I hope my Aunt of *Fairy* will forgive me.

Sub. Your Annt's a gracious Lady : but in troth
You were to blame. *Dap.* The fume did over-come me,
And I did do't to stay my Stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfie her *Grace*. Here comes the Captain.

Fac. How now ! Is his Mouth down ?

Sub. I ! he has spoken !

Fac. (A Pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's undone
then.

(I have been fain to say, the House is haunted
With Spirits, to keep Churle back.

Sub. And hast thou done it ?

Fac. Sure, for this night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
Of *Face* so famous, the precious King
Of present wits. *Fac.* Did you not hear the coil,
About the Door ? *Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

Fac.

Fac. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be dispatch'd :
I'll send her to you. *Sub.* Well Sir, your Aunt her *Grace*,
Will give you Audience presently, on my fute,
And the Captains word, that you did not eat your Gag
In any Contempt of her *Highness*

Dap. Not I, in troth, Sir.

[*Dol* like the *Queen of Fairy*.]

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your Knees and
wriggle :

She has a stately presence. Good. Yet nearer
And bid, God save you. *Dap.* Madam.

Sub. And your Aunt.

Dap. And my most gracious Aunt, God save you
Grace.

Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with
you :

But that sweet Face of yours hath turn'd the Tide,
And made it flow with Joy, that ebb'd of Love.
Arise, and touch our Velvet Gown. *Sub.* The Skirts,
And kifs 'em. So. *Dol.* Let me now stroke that Head.
Much, Nephew, shalt thou win ; *much* shalt thou spend ;
Much shalt thou give away ; *much* shalt thou lend.

Sub. (I, much indeed.) Why do you not thank her
Grace ?

Dap. I cannot speak for joy.

Sub. See, the kind wretch !

Your *Graces* Kinsman right. *Dol.* Give me the *Bird* !
Here is your *Fly* in a Purse, about your Neck, Cousin,
Wear it, and feed it about this Day sev'night,
On your right Wrist — *Sub.* Open a Vein with a Pin,
And let it suck but once a week : till then,
You must not look on't. *Dol.* No. And, Kinsman,
Bear your self worthy of the Blood you come on.

Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more *Woolfack*
Pies,

Nor *Dagger Frume'ty*. *Dol.* Nor break his fast,
In Heaven and Hell. *Sub.* She's with you every where !
Nor play with Costar-mongers, at *mum-chance*, *tray-trip*.
God make you rich, (when as your Aunt has done it :)
but keep

The gallant'st Company, and the best Games — *Dap.*
Yes, Sir.

Sub.

Sub. Gleek and *Primero*: and what you get, be true to us.

Dap. By this Hand, I will.

Sub. You may bring's a thousand Pound Before to morrow night, (if but three thousand Be stirring) an' you will. *Dap.* I swear, I will then.

Sub. Your Grace will command him no more duties?

Dol. No:

But come, and see me often. I may chance To leave him three or four hundred Chests of Treasure, Add some twelve thousand Acres of *Fairy Land*, If he game well, and comely, with good Gamesters.

Sub. There's a kind Aunt! kifs her departing part. But you must sell your forty Mark a year, now.

Dap. I, Sir, I mean. *Sub.* Or, gi't away: Pox on't.

Dap. I'll gi't mine Aunt. I'll go and fetch the Writings.

Sub. 'Tis well, away. *Fac.* Where's *Subtle*?

Sub. Here. What news?

Fac. *Drugger* is at the Door, go take his Sute, And bid him fetch a Parson, presently: Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend A hundred pound by the service! Now Queen *Dol*, Ha' you pack'd up all? *Dol.* Yes. And how do you like The Lady *Pliant*? *Dol.* A good dull innocent.

Sub. Here's your *Hieronimo*'s Cloke, and Hat.

Fac. Give me 'em. *Sub.* And the Ruff too?

Fac. Yes, I'll come to you presently.

Sub. Now he is gone about his project *Dol*, I told you of, for the widow. *Dol.* 'Tis direct Against our Articles. *Sub.* Well, we'll fit him, wench. Hast thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?

Dol. No, but I will do't. *Sub.* Soon at night, my Dolly,

When we are shipt, and all our Goods aboard, East-ward for *Ratcliff*; we will turn our course To *Brainsford*, westward, if thou saist the word, And take our leaves of this o'er-weening Raskal, This peremptory *Face*. *Dol.* Content, I'am weary of him.

Sub. Thou 'hast cause, when the slave will run a wiving, *Dol*,
Against

Against the Instrument that was drawn between us.'

Dol. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can. *Sub.* Yes, tell her,

She must by any means address some present
To th' cunning Man; make him amends for wronging
His Art with her Suspicion; send a Ring,
Or Chain of Pearl; she will be tortur'd else
Extremely in her sleep, say: and ha' strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou, *Dol.* Yes. *Sub.* My fine
flitter-mouse,

My Bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may unluck the Trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine and mine.

[*They kiss.*]

Fac. What now, a billing? *Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock affairs.

Fac. Druggier has brought his Parson; take him in,
Subtle,

And send Nab back again to wash his Face.

Sub. I will; and shave himself. *Fac.* If you can
get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, what e'er it is!

Fac. A trick, that *Dol* shall spend ten pound a Month
by.

Is he gone? *Sub.* The Chaplain waits you i' the Hall,
Sir.

Fac. I'll go bestow him. *Dol.* He'll now marry her,
instantly.

Sub. He cannot, yet he is not ready. Dear *Dol*,
Cozen her all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but Justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him. *Fac.* Come, my
ventures,

You ha' packt up all? Where be the Trunks? Bring forth!

Sub. Here. *Fac.* Let's see 'em. Where's the Money?

Sub. Here.

The Brethrens money, this. Druggers, and Dappers,
What Papers that? *Dol.* The Jewel of the waiting Maids,
That stole it from her Lady, to know certain —

Fac. If she should have precedence of her Mistris?

Dol. Yes.

Fac.

Fac. What Box is that? *Sub.* The Fish-wives Rings,
I think.

And th' Ale-wives single money. Is't not *Dol*?

Dol. Yes: and the whistle, that the Sailors Wife
Brought you to know an' her Husband were with *Ward*.

Fac. We'll wet it to morrow: and our Silver-beakers,
And Tavern Cups. Where be the *French* Peti-coats,
And Girdles, and Hangers? *Sub.* Here, i' the Trunk,
And the Bolts of Lawn. *Fac.* Is *Druggers* Damask there?
And the *Tobacco*? *Sub.* Yes. *Fac.* Give me the Keys.

Dol. Why you the Keys! *Sub.* No matter, *Dol*:
because

We shall not open 'em, before he comes.

Fac. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, *Dol*. *Dol*.
No!

Fac. No, my smock-rampant. The right is my Master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your Figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good Partners,
Both he, and she, be satisfied: for here
Determines the *Indenture tripartite*,

'Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol* and *Face*. All I can do
Is to help you over the Wall, o' the back side;
Or lend you a Sheet to save your Velvet Gown, *Dol*.
Here will be Officers presently, bethink you,
Of some course suddainly to scape the Dock:
For thither you'll come else. Hark you, Thunder.

[Some knock.

Sub. You are a precious Fiend! *Off.* Open the Door.

Fac. *Dol*, I am sorry for thee i' faith. But hearest thou?
It shall go hard, but I will place thee some where:
Thou shalt ha' my Letter to *Mistress Amo*. *Dol.* Hang you—

Fac. Or *Madam Casarean*. *Dol.* Pox upon you, Rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee. *Fac.* *Subtle*,
Let's know where you set up next: I'll send you
A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new course ha' you? *Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang my self
That I may walk a greater Devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Love-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kasril, Ananias, Tribulation, Drugger, Da. Pliant.

What do you mean, my Masters? *Mam.* Open your Door,

Cheaters, Bawds, Conjurers. *Off.* Or we'll break it open.

Lov. What Warrant have you? *Off.* Warrant enough, Sir, *doubt not.*

If you'll not open it. *Lov.* Is there an Officer, there?

Off. Yes, two or three for failing. *Lov.* Have but patience,

And I will open it straight. *Fac.* Sir, ha' you done?

Is it a marriage? perfect? *Lov.* Yes, my Brain.

Fac. Off with your Ruff, and Cloke then; be your self, Sir.

Sur. Down with the Door. *Kas.* Slight, ding it open.

Lov. Hold,

Hold, Gentlemen, what means this violence?

Mam. Where is this Colliar? *Sur.* And my Captain Face?

Mam. These day-Owls, *Sur.* That are birding in Mens Purfes.

Mam. Madam Suppository. *Kas.* Doxey, my Sister.

Ana. Locusts

Of the foul Pit. *Tri.* Prophane as *Bel* and the Dragon:

Ana. Worse than the Grasshoppers, or the Lice of Egypt.

Lov. Good Gentlemen, hear me. Are you Officers, And cannot stay this violence? *Off.* Keep the Peace.

Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you seek?

Mam. The Chymical cozeners. *Sur.* And the Captain Pander.

Kas. The Nun my Sister. *Mam.* Madam Rabbi.

Ana. Scorpions,

And Caterpillars. *Lov.* Fewer at once, I pray you,

Off. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you, By vertue of my staff — *Ana.* They are the vessels

Of Pride, Lust, and the Cart. *Lov.* Good Zeal, lie still, A little while. *Tri.* Peace, Deacon *Ananias.*

Lov. The House is mine here, and the Doors are open :

lf

If there be any such Persons you seek for,
 Use your authority, search on o' God's Name.
 I am but newly come to Town, and finding
 This tumult 'bout my Door (to tell you true)
 It somewhat maz'd me; till my Man, here, (fearing
 My more displeasure) told me he had done
 Somewhat an insolent part, let out my House
 (Belike, presuming on my known aversion
 From any Air o' the Town, while there was Sickness)
 To a Doctor, and a Captain: who, what they are,
 Or where they be, he knows not. *Mam.* Are they
 gone? [*They enter.*]

Lov. You may go in and search, Sir. Here, I find
 The empty Walls worse than I left 'em, smok'd,
 A few crack'd Pots, and Glasses, and a Fornace;
 The Ceiling fill'd with *Poesies* of the Candle:
 And *Madam*, with a *Dildo*, writ o' the Walls.
 Only one Gentlewoman, I met here,
 That is within, that said she was a widow —

Kas. I, that's my Suster. I'll go thump her. Where
 is she?

Lov. And should ha' married a *Spanish Count*, but he,
 When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
 That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! Have I lost her then?

Lov. Were you the *Don*, Sir?

Good faith, now, she do's blame yo' extremely, and says
 You swore, and told her, you had tane the pains
 To dye your Beard, and umbre o'er your Face,
 Borrowed a Sute, and Ruff all for her love;
 And then did nothing. What an Over sight,
 And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
 Well fare an old Harquebuzier, yet,
 Could prime his Powder, and give fire, and hit,
 All in a twinckling. *Mam.* The whole nest are fled!

Lov. What sort of Birds were they?

[*Mammon comes forth:*]

Mam. A kind of Choughs,
 Or thievish, Daws, Sir, that have pickt my Purse
 Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these five Weeks,
 Beside my first Materials; and my Goods,

That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have home yet. *Lov.* Think you so, Sir? *Mam.* I,

Lov. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwise.

Mam. Not mine own stuff? *Lov.* Sir, I can take
no knowledge,

That they are yours but by publick means.
If you can bring Certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em,
Or any formal Writ out of a Court,
That you did cozen your self, I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather lose 'em. *Lov.* That you shall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.
What should they ha' been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?

Mam. No.

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then;

Lov. What a great loss in Hope have you sustain'd?

Mam. Not I, the Commonwealth has. *Fac.* I, he would
ha' built

The City new; and made a Ditch about it
Of Silver, should have run with Cream from *Hogsdon*;
That every Sunday in *Moorfields*, the younkers,
And tits, and tom-boys should have fed on, *gratis*.

Mam. I will go mount a Turnip-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within these two months. *Surly*,
What! in a dream? *Sur.* Must I needs cheat my self,
With that foolish vice of Honesty!

Come, let us go, and hearken out the Rogues.

That *Face* I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

Fac. If I can hear of him, Sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your Lodging; for in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought 'em honest, as my self, Sir.

[*They come forth.*]

Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some Carts — *Lov.* For what, my zealous
Friends?

Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this Den of Thieves. *Lov.* What is that portion?

Ana. The Goods, sometimes the Orphans, that the
Brethren.

Bought with their Silver Pence. *Lov.* What, those i' the
Cellar,

The Knight Sir *Mammon* claims? *Ana.* I do defie
The

The wicked *Mammon*, so do all the *Brethren*.
 Thou prophane Man, I ask thee, with what conscience
 Thou canst advance that Idol against us,
 That have the Seal? Were not the Shillings numbred,
 That made the Pounds? Were not the Pounds told out,
 Upon the second day of the fourth week,
 In the eighth month, upon the Table dormant,
 The Year of the last patience of the *Saints*,
 Six hundred and ten?

Lov. Mine earnest vehement Botcher,
 And *Deacon* also, I cannot dispute with you,
 But if you get you not away the sooner,
 I shall confute you with a Cudgel. *Ana.* Sir.

Tri. Be patient, *Ananias.* *Ana.* I am strong,
 And will stand up, well girt, against an Host,
 That threaten *Gad* in exile. *Lov.* I shall send you
 To *Amsterdam* to your Cellar. *Ana.* I will pray there,
 Against thy House: may Dogs defile thy Walls,
 And Wasps, and Hornets breed beneath thy Roof,
 This seat of falshood, and this cave of coz'nage.

Lov. Another too? *Dru.* Not I Sir, I am no Brother.
 [*Drugger enters, and he beats him away.*]

Lov. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, do you talk?

Fac. No, this was *Abel Drugger*. Good Sir, Go.

[*To the Parson.*]

And satisfie him; tell him, all is done:
 He staid too long a washing of his Face.
 The Doctor, he shall hear of him at *Westchester*;
 And of the Captain, tell him, at *Yarmouth*, or
 Some good Port-town else, lying for a wind.
 If you get off the angry Child, now, Sir —

Kas. Come on, you yew, you have march'd most
 sweetly, ha' you not? [*To his Sister.*]

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt
 But by a dubb'd Boy, to make you a Lady *Tom*?
 'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touse you, now.
 Death, mun'you marry with a Pox? *Lov.* You lye, Boy;
 As sound as you: and I am afore-hand with you. *Kas.*
 Anon?

Lov. Come, will you quarrel? I will seize you, Sirrah.
 Why do you not buckle to your Tools? *Kas.* Gods light!
 This

That lie i' the Cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.
I may have home yet. *Lov.* Think you so, Sir? *Mam.* I,

Lov. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwise.

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 As sound as you: and I am afore-hand with you. *Kaf.*
 Anon?

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 Why do you not buckle to your Tools? *Kaf.* Gods light!
 This

This is a fine old Boy, as ere I saw!

Lov. What, do you change your Copy, now? Proceed,
Here stands my Dove: stoop at her if you dare.

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot chuse i'faith!
And I should be hang'd for't. *Suster*, I protest,
I honour thee for this match. *Lov.* O, do you so, Sir.

Kas. Yes, an' thou canst take *Tobacco*, and drink old Boy,
I'll give her five hundred Pound more to her marriage,
Than her own State. *Lov.* Fill a Pipe-full, *Jeremy*.

Fac. Yes, but go in, and take it, Sir. *Lov.* We will,
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Jeremy*.

Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a
Jovv' Boy!

Come let's in, I pry'thee, and take our whifs.

Lov. Whiff in with your Sister, brother Boy. That
Master

That had receiv'd such happiness by a Servant,
In such a Widow, and with so much Wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Servants wit,
And help his Fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own Candor. Therefore, Gentlemen,
And kind Spectators, if I have out-stript,
An old Man's gravity, or strict Cannon, think
What a Young Wife, and a good Brain may do:
Stretch ages truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy self, Knave. *Fac.* So I will, Sir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last Scene,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am clean
Got off from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Del*,
Hot Ananias, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my self
On you, that are my Country: and this Pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new Guests.

THE END.



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